

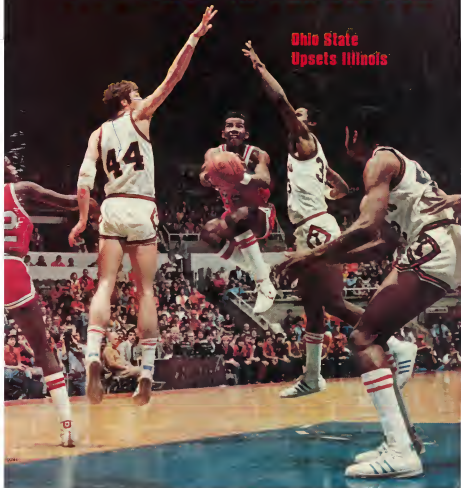
SUPER BOWL PREVIEW

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 22, 1979 \$1.25

BIG DOINGS IN THE BIG TEN

**Ohio State
Upsets Illinois**



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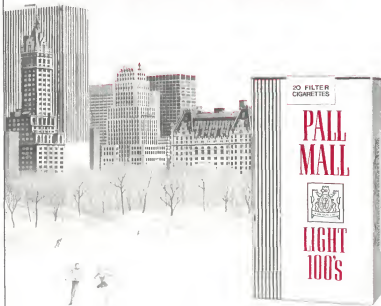


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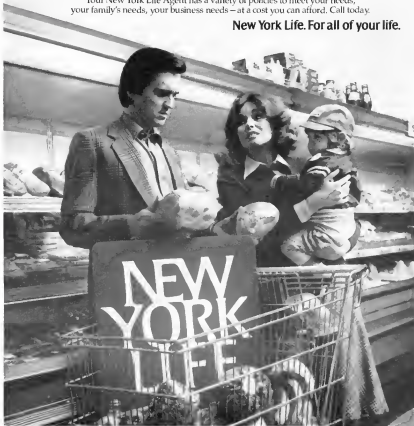
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



AT ANTICIPATING, THE BEST

It is only a slight exaggeration to say that this magazine might well not come out every week were it not for Ann Callahan.

You won't find her name on the masthead, but Ann has served as secretary and assistant editorial executive to two managing editors. This is a tour of duty that has lasted more than 20 years, and if by now Callahan doesn't actually run *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—Managing Editor Roy Terrell does that—she helps run Terrell. "She has a marvelous sense of anticipation," he says. "I never have to tell her what to do. In fact, she usually tells me what I should do next."

She is also positively extrasensory. Although Callahan cannot see Terrell from her desk, she has an acute sense of what he's doing and whether or not he can be interrupted. Many a staffer has approached the boss' door only to hear Ann say gently, "Not now." Terrell has left no such order, but Ann is an accurate barometer of his moods and the pressures upon him.

When a late-closing story must be handled in Chicago, where the magazine's plates and engravings are made and more than half the press run is printed, a small army of staffers is deployed there, and it is Ann who arranges for airplane reservations, including the customary three or four schedule changes, hotel reservations (upon

which no two members of the staff ever agree), the cars to meet film couriers etc. She intercepts the people constantly phoning Terrell; helpful and charming, she switches them more or less pointlessly to the appropriate department. She manages expense money or weekends, when the business office is closed, and she is involved with staffers' travel schedules, vacation plans and a lot of personal problems, knowing all and saying nothing. She could probably run the presses if the need arose.

From the foregoing one might conclude that Callahan is a grimly efficient machine. Efficient, yes. Grim, never. This is a knockout lady—vivacious, stylish, endlessly accommodating and terrific looking (see above). One might also gather that after nearly 24 years with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, she must be nearing the age of retirement, but the fact is she joined the company as a mere child of 17. She grew up in Queens, N.Y., graduated from Mary Lewis Academy and attended Wood Secretarial School at night. After a short stint as a Time Inc. office girl, she joined SI as a typist in the letters department. When, in 1957, a secretary was needed, Ann got the job, and has had it ever since.

In 1966 she married Michael Callahan, an advertising salesman for *TIME* magazine who is just a bit shorter than Bill Walton and played some hoops himself at Mount St. Mary's in Emmitsburg, Md. They live in Croton, N.Y., and have a 7-year-old daughter, Victoria. As for sports, Ann plays tennis on her days off, and three mornings a week she rises at dawn, reaches Manhattan by 8 and attends an exercise class. "When you sit at a desk all day, you have to do something," she says.

Peculiarly put, what Ann does is sit at a desk and do everything.

Robert F. Sullivan



RABBIT THE #1 SELLING CAR IN SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss are no cuckoos. They sit surrounded by Germany, Italy and France—all of the biggest car makers in Europe.

their choice of cars is unlimited. Yet the car they buy most is the Volkswagen Rabbit.

It seems fair to ask why.

To begin with, mountain climbing isn't

just a hobby in Switzerland; it's the way everyone drives. Good weather or bad (especially bad) there is nothing like Rabbit's front-wheel drive to get a car up an Alp. Or a Rocky, or even a steep driveway.

Also, the Swiss worship precision, it's what makes them tick. *Car and Driver* described the Rabbit this way: "Quality is exceptionally high throughout, with solid slamming doors and a structure that feels as substantial as a Master safe."

The Swiss also date on technol-

ogy. Fuel injection, for example.

You might be as interested as the Swiss to know that you can't get a Renault with fuel injection. Or a Fiat. Or a Lancia. Not to mention Toyota, Honda, or Mazda. But you can get a fuel-injected Rabbit.

Lost, but hardly least, is the fact that the Swiss are—well—frugal. And so when they see a car that's built like a vault, climbs like a goat, is far ahead of its time and still sells for a reasonable price, the Swiss do what sensible people everywhere do.

They buy them in droves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

SPLIT DECISION

A number of issues were raised and nothing was settled in last Saturday's heavy-weight fight between Bill Sharkey and South Africa's Kallie Knoetze. The ruckus over whether or not Knoetze should have been permitted to enter the ring generated more passion than was displayed in the fight. (Knoetze pounded his way to a fourth-round knockout, displaying a style that is pure Chuck Wepner.) There were 2,348 fans inside the Miami Beach Convention Center, some 100 protesters outside, and the fight was offered to a national audience on CBS-TV's Sports Spectacular.

The main furor came from U.S. civil-rights groups, most notably The Reverend Jesse Jackson's Operation PUSH. Knoetze was an "agent of apartheid," Jackson said, as well as a "convicted criminal," and his appearance violated the spirit of President Carter's human-rights policy.

There is a confusion of purpose here that violates the spirit of humans' rights. If certain groups in this country feel that excluding South African athletes will bring about the collapse of the South African regime, they have every right to protest, peacefully. But perhaps, as advocates of equality, they should also protest the appearance of Gary Player, Sally Little, Cliff Drysdale, and Frew McMillan as well as Knoetze. Although Knoetze is a more obvious target for protesters, having been, as a cop, directly involved in the enforcement of apartheid, as an athlete, whatever his beliefs, he is really no different from other South African athletes. Whether or not a South African athlete has a criminal record—and under that country's law, Knoetze was guilty only of misdemeanors—is neither here nor there.

And if there are groups that wish to protest the appearance of athletes who are ex-cons, their native country is beside the point. Finally, if there are groups that want to exclude ex-cons from the ring, they should have picketed Sharkey

as well; he served four years at New York's Ossining and Wallkill Correctional facilities for manslaughter.

TENNIS MENACE

Bobby Riggs notwithstanding, tennis has never been a betting game. There has been no tennis equivalent of the \$2 Nassau. Now, however, a kind of tennis gambling that originated in England has surfaced in Miami. It works like this:

You are playing singles with, say, \$2 riding on the set. Suddenly you have broken your opponent's serve and you find yourself leading 3-0. You can at this point, if you choose, double the bet. Your opponent must decide on the spot whether he wants to risk \$4 on his chances of pulling himself out of the hole. If he accepts the challenge, you play on. If he refuses the bet, he loses the original \$2, the set is over, and a new set with a new bet begins.

If, perchance, your opponent does accept, turns the set around and finds himself ahead, say, 4-3 and 30-love, he can then double you. If he does, the bet is now \$8 that you cannot pull it out. And so it goes, even unto tie-breakers.

Our spies tell us the game has no name yet but that its primary characteristic is unbearable tension.

RECOUNT

Alabama was the No. 1 college team in the country in the Associated Press poll of 68 sportswriters and broadcasters, all of whom voted USC was No. 1 in the United Press International poll of 42 coaches, but seven of those coaches, for one reason or another, did not vote.

Disgruntled Alabama fans contended that had those seven (The Dirty Half-Dozen Plus One, as they are known in Tuscaloosa) voted, Bama would have been a double winner. So David Lamm of the *Florida Times-Union* in Jacksonville tracked down the missing seven and got their votes.

Result: USC still No. 1, but by only two points, a smaller margin than the

original five points and the narrowest in the history of the UPI poll. For the record, four voters picked Alabama as No. 1, two chose Oklahoma and one selected USC.

ANGLICAN ANGLE

Lincoln Cathedral, built on an English hilltop nine centuries ago at the behest of William the Conqueror, costs \$200,000 a year to maintain these days. Until recently, the dean of the cathedral, The Very Reverend The Honorable Oliver Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, depended on the generosity of interested individuals for the necessary funds. Now, however, on the theory that "it's better to earn funds than to beg," Reverend Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, a motorcycle fiender, has plunged his cathedral into the business of sports promotion. A 12-member committee has been formed to plan a national motorcycle race meet-



ing for the spring in Cadwell Park near Lincoln. Further, the committee will sponsor a local rider named Jack Machin and will buy him a \$7,000 Italian Morbidelli cycle to ride in the British national championship series.

Said the dean of his project, "It is one thing for a churchman to go around just looking interested in what is going on. It is another thing to go in there and do it yourself."

ALL SKATE

The staggering World Hockey Association, currently down to six teams, has voted to qualify five teams for its playoffs, but because five is an inconvenient

continued

number for a playoff, the No. 5 team will first play No. 4 in a best-two-out-of-three series to see who really plays off.

In a spirit of common sense, the Edmonton Oilers have notified the league that if they finish No. 5 they will decline the honor No. 6 presumably will fold its tent, or its franchise, and quietly steal away.

TALE OF A WHALE

This is the time of year when thousands of gray whales travel from the Bering Sea, down the Pacific Coast to their breeding grounds in the lagoons of Baja California, there to mate, calve and cavort in the sun. Years ago people were content to watch from the shore as the week-long procession of grays passed, delighting in the occasional sighting of a plume of spray from a blowhole or sunlight briefly illuminating a great expanse of back.

In recent years, however, whale watchers have become more aggressive. Last season, some 2,000 of them went to Baja, where they followed the whales in chartered boats to the lagoons to observe the goings-on at close range.

While the whales are moving through American waters they are protected to some extent by the 1972 Marine Mammal Protection Act, which stipulates that anyone convicted of "taking or harassing" a whale can be fined up to \$20,000 and/or jailed for a year, and by the 1973 Endangered Species Act. Getting within 100 yards of a whale is considered harassment. So is causing a whale to change its course. Beyond that, harassment is loosely defined and open to interpretation.

In 1972 the Mexican government closed Scammon's Lagoon, one of the three principal breeding areas, to everybody except scientists with permits, and limited entry to the "marsery" to two boats at a time. But San Ignacio Lagoon and Magdalena Bay further south remain open to tourist boats.

No one knows whether the whales actually are being harmed by all this well-meaning curiosity, but scientists on both sides of the border are concerned. In November the Mexican government announced that all lagoons would be closed to tourist boats this year, but then, in December, the ruling was rescinded. Walter Ocampo, a regional director for Mexico's Department of Fisheries, hopes that on the basis of his recommendation at least the regulations governing tourist

boats will be clearly defined next year.

Meanwhile, Dr. William C. Cummings, chief scientist at the San Diego Natural History Museum, is worried that the migration itself, as well as the mating and birthing in the lagoons, may be disturbed. Whale watchers by the tens of thousands, he says, go out from San Diego between December and March to watch the whales swim by. "The people operating the charter boats don't want to bother the whales," he says, "but given the situation as it is, there is potential for doing harm and it should be investigated."

Scammon's Lagoon was discovered in the 1850s by Charles Melville Scammon. Captain Scammon led whalers to his find and launched a period of hunting that by 1937 had reduced the gray whale population to 100. Fortunately, the grays survived their 19th-century pursuers and grew in number to some 12,000. Now the question is whether they can survive their 20th-century admirers.

FUTURESPORE

The 1979 calendar of national AAU events has arrived, and its listing of 25 sports is led, alphabetically at least, by something called acrogymanastics. For fans (irredeemably mired in the past, the AAU explains (parenthetically) that acrogymanastics used to be "Trampoline & Tumbling."

Never mind that acrogymanastics is an ugly-sounding word that brings to mind acrophobia (morbid fear of heights), acromegaly (chronic hyperpituitarism) and the like. It is also a dumb word. Used to distinguish tumbling and trampolining from standard gymnastics, it implies that the latter, the sport of ring and horse and beam and mat, is not acrobatic.

Tumbling is a jolly word that has stood the test of time and use. Trampoline is a little awkward, perhaps, but at least the word is precise. Acrogymanastics is nose pollution.

JUST KIDDING

That suspicious-looking character lurking about the high school practice field isn't a drug dealer, he's a genuine North American Soccer League scout. In the Jan. 8 NASL draft, a rite once devoted to choosing graduating seniors from four-year colleges, five of the 24 first-round picks were high school seniors, and the very first choice of all—which the Dallas Tornado did some wheeling and dealing

to obtain—was used to claim Nygjo Pesa a forward from Ulster Community College, a two-year institution in upstate New York. Pesa, 20, was born in Yugoslavia, went to high school in New York City and is now an American citizen.

The heavy accent on youth has come about because the original purpose of the college draft has succeeded only partially. It has helped supply NASL teams with the American starters they need to fulfill league requirements (two last year and this, three in 1980, and so on), but the quality of players available has not nearly matched the increasing quality of play in the league. As Freddie Goodwin, general manager of the Minnesota Kicks, says, "The 21-year-olds are 100% better than a few years ago. The trouble is, the league is 200% better."

"This isn't the NFL," says Terry Hanson of the Atlanta Chiefs. "The NCAA's best player might not get into a game all season. Our best players come from the rest of the world, not the U.S. By taking the 18-and-under, we're saying in effect, 'Nice try, colleges, but you blew it.'"

One solution being fostered by the league is the establishment of reserve squads to which a team's younger players would be assigned. They would train with the big teams, scrimmage with them [the value of tangling with such as Franz Beckenbauer cannot be overestimated] and eventually play schedules of their own. From these squads would come a base of talent for U.S. national teams of the future. The well-heeled Cosmos and the Seattle Sounders have such squads now; when more teams become affluent the league would like to make them mandatory. "We can do a better job training kids than the colleges," says Goodwin. "That's all there is to it."

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh Steeler linebacker, on Craig Morton: "I kind of like Craig Morton. I think he's an overachiever. The reason I like him, though, is because he can't run out of the pocket."
- Andy Dorris, Houston defensive end, as 45,000 fans welcomed the Oilers home after they had lost to Pittsburgh: "Can you imagine what would have happened if we'd won?"
- Cleburne Price, Texas track coach, on Olympic sprinter Johnny (Limi) Jones' not running this spring: "It won't hurt us any more than it would hurt a football team to lose Earl Campbell." **END**



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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 22, 1979





A CASE OF FRATRICIDE

Big Ten teams, which had knocked off nonleague foes at a record rate, turned on each other. No. 1 Michigan State and No. 4 Illinois were the big victims

by LARRY KEITH

For thrills, chills and spills, there was no better place to be last week than in the Big Ten, where the basketball games were close (thrills?), the weather frigid (chills?) and the going slippery (spills?) for everyone, including nationally ranked teams. The league's three Top 20 outfits, Michigan State (No. 1), unbeaten Illinois (No. 4) and Michigan (No. 16), lost five of the six games they played. When the storm of upsets finally subsided, the surprising conference leader was Ohio State.

The real winner of the week, however, was the weather, which forced the postponement of two games and made traveling conditions perilous, particularly for Michigan State and Michigan, each of which lost twice on the road. Both of the Spartans' defeats came on last-second shots, 57-55 to Illinois and 52-50 to Purdue. Michigan also lost to the Boilermakers, 77-67, and then to Wisconsin, 77-66. Appropriately, the only team that was able to win away from home was the one that finished the week in first place. Presumably traveling by dog sled and surviving on rations of reindeer meat and whale blubber, the Buckeyes held off Iowa 72-67 and beat the Illini 69-66 in overtime.

After just two weeks of league play, Ohio State is the only Big Ten team without a conference loss, and Northwestern

the only one without a win—a situation that could change at any moment. But the league has been successful at more than just fratricide. Before the conference schedule began, Big Ten teams knocked off some of the best outfits in the country: Duke and Louisville (by Ohio State), Texas A&M and Syracuse (Illinois), Marquette (Wisconsin), Pennsylvania (Iowa), Kentucky (Indiana) and Dayton (Michigan). Big Ten teams also won eight of the 14 tournaments they entered, most notably the Rainbow Classic (Purdue), the Far West Classic (Michigan State) and the Pillsbury Classic (Minnesota). If Michigan State and Michigan can beat Kansas and Notre Dame in the Big Ten's two games remaining against outside competition, the conference's won-lost percentage of .732 against nonleague opponents would be the highest in 25 years.

Big Ten basketball has always been good—the conference has won five national championships—but this year it may be better and more competitive than ever. In fact, only the ACC can claim to be its rival in overall quality. "If they had bowls in basketball we'd have eight teams playing," says Michigan Coach John Orr. "We have more good clubs from top to bottom than anybody," says Fred Schaus, the former Purdue coach who is now the Boilermakers' associate director of athletics. Lee Rose, the new Purdue coach, adds, "I worked for three years trying to build up a schedule at UNC-Charlotte,

continued

In Ohio State's win over Iowa, Herb Wilbert (32) led the Buckeyes to a 40-28 margin in rebounds

and now I'd like to get out of one."

More fun than comparing Big Ten basketball to that of other leagues is the comparison of Big Ten basketball to Big Ten football. Here is something for Woody to mull over in retirement: in the last 10 years, the conference has had only two football champions—we all know who they've been—but seven different basketball champs. During that decade, the football teams have had only three winning seasons outside the league and a 4-13 postseason record. In the same span, the basketball teams have been .631 against nonconference competition during the regular season and .673 in tournaments, with the NIT and CCA championships in 1974 and an NCAA title in 1976. "The Big Ten has become a football myth," says *Detroit News* columnist Jerry Green. That's J-e-r-r-y G-r-e-e-n, Woody.

Despite the marked difference between the league's accomplishments in basketball and football, conference athletic directors still treat hoops as football's poor relation, even while Midwestern fans are making the Big Ten the country's best-drawing basketball league. For example, the conference produces a highlight film for football but not for basketball. Nonetheless, basketball coaches have gained some breakthroughs for their teams this season. For the first time, basketball players have training-table privileges, the size of traveling squads has been increased from 12 to 15, and coaches may give scholarship assistance to a transfer while he sits out his year of ineligibility. These changes represent considerable improvement over conditions in years past. Fred Taylor, who in the '60s coached Ohio State to the NCAA finals three straight years, says, "We couldn't even get our press brochure out on time. The publicity office was too busy taking care of football."

Those days are gone for good, largely because of what basketball is doing for the Big Ten's bank balances and image. Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham admits he did not give a hoot for hoops—until he saw how lucrative a winning team could be. Michigan State Football Coach Darryl Rogers even gives Spartan basketball star Earvin Johnson some of the credit for State's upsurge in football. "Earvin has helped us because he has made people proud of Michigan State," says Rogers.

Another striking example of what bas-

ketball can do for moribund pride is this year's Illinois team. To fully appreciate where the 15-1 Illini are now—among the nation's Top Ten and second in the league—you have to know where they used to be. Illinois hasn't had a conference championship in football or basketball since it won both in 1963. Before that, the last championships came in 1953 and 1952, respectively. It isn't that the Illinois people didn't care. They cared too much. Their excesses put both sports on probation in 1967 and basketball again in 1975.

When Lou Henson came to Champaign from New Mexico State in 1975 to be the new basketball coach, Illinois was in the second year of its probation and had won only 13 games the previous two seasons. Football had produced one winning team in the last 13. Fencing was strong, but so what? "It's hard to believe that a school of this quality in a state this size could have gone so long without succeeding in the major sports," says Henson. "People were starved for a winner."

With a little ingenuity and a lot of hard work, Henson figured he could turn the basketball program around. First, he got a five-year contract. Then he organized the Rebounders, a booster club of friends and alumni, and rounded up a group of vociferous students, named them the Orange Crunch and gave them choice seats at courtside. Predictably, the Orange Crunch became the Orange Crunch when the bottles of that drink offered to provide free T-shirts.

Meanwhile, Henson and his staff started making the rounds of Illinois high schools, visiting 400 in the first year alone. "To be good we don't need all the players in the state, just some of them," Henson says. "Marquette won the national championship in 1977 with Bo Ellis and Jerome Whitehead, two Chicagoans. We need to get players like that to stay home."

Henson's first season was doubly successful because not only did he have a winning record at 14-13, but he also signed three of Illinois' all-state players, Steve Lanier, Levi Cobb and Rob Judson. Lanier's sister Sheri, who is now an Illinois cheerleader, recalls the reaction back home in Belleville when Steve made his decision. "People said, 'Why are you going to play for the Illini? They're nothing.'"

Derek Holcomb, a 6'11" all-state player, thought so, too. He turned Hen-



With this dunk, Mark Smith of Illinois helped

son down that year and signed with Indiana, the reigning national champion. "I wanted to be a winner," he says. "Illinois didn't get my attention because it was a loser. Indiana was the place to go." But after one season in Bloomington, Holcomb decided that Indiana wasn't the place to be. He transferred to Illinois and has become the rebounding and defensive mainstay of the team. The leading offensive players are two more all-stars, sophomores Mark Smith and Eddie Johnson.

Before the season began, Illinois appeared to be no better than fifth in the league. Solid defense and unselfish offense gave the Illini seven early wins, but most observers thought they would get their comeuppance in the Kentucky Invitational. Instead they won, beating Syracuse and Texas A&M. Then they won a tournament in Alaska and two con-



knock Michigan State from the No. 1 spot

ference games, at Indiana and Northwestern, and suddenly they were the No. 4 team in the country. But not even Henson professes to know how good the Illini are. "I never expected anything like this," he says. "I didn't think we could contend for the title until next year. I even thought we might be a little behind schedule."

The only schedule that meant anything last week was the one that showed Michigan State would arrive in Champaign on Wednesday. Now here at last was something for Illinois fans to get really excited about. Not only did their team have a chance to beat the nation's No. 1 club, but they also had an opportunity to become No. 1 themselves. When the Illini ran onto the floor, they were greeted by the largest crowd in the 16-year history of Assembly Hall (16,209), and only the second sellout in the last seven years.

Everybody. Governor Jim Thompson included, was wearing orange or waving orange or, at the very least, thinking orange. The team was apparently so overcome by excitement that it almost forgot how to play. While Illinois was missing eight of its first 13 shots, Michigan State was hitting 11 of 12 to take a 22-11 lead 8½ minutes into the game. "Right then, I imagine a lot of people were saying, 'Well, it was nice while it lasted,'" Henson says.

After a time-out, Illinois settled down and went on a 21-6 tear to lead by four at the half. The Illini trailed only twice after that—by only a point both times—and there were five ties. Eddie Johnson broke the list of them with three seconds left by sinking an 18-foot jumper from the baseline. The fans went crazy, but as State's Earvin Johnson noted, "At 15-0, who wouldn't? It's the same for them this year as it was for us last year when we surprised everyone by winning the title."

To remain No. 1—a position the Illini held in most fans' minds, if not in the actual ratings, because balloting for this week's ranking wouldn't be held for three more days—Illinois still had to beat Ohio State on Saturday. A team made up largely of sophomores and juniors, the Buckeyes had lost to Butler and Toledo in their first three games, but they were now 8-4 and, according to Coach Eldon Miller, showing more maturity and patience with every outing. What they weren't showing, however, was much balance. Junior Guard Kelvin Ramsey, who is tied for second among Big Ten scorers with a 23.0 average, and 6'11" sophomore Center Herb Williams, the league's leading rebounder, give them a devastating one-two punch, but those were the only two Buckeyes scoring in double figures. On Thursday, when Ohio State blew a 16-point second-half lead against a strong Iowa team before winning in the last 2½ minutes, Ramsey and Williams had combined for 40 points.

Obviously, if Illinois could stop either of them, it would win easily. At least it seemed that way at the half, because Ramsey had four points, Williams 16, and the Illini led by eight. Amazingly, the usually unstoppable Ramsey never did get untracked, finishing with 11 points and six turnovers, but Ohio State came back to send the game into overtime at 60-all, thanks to three crucial plays by sophomore Carter Scott (see cover). In the last

65 seconds, he prevented one basket by blocking a layup, scored the tying basket with a drive through the middle and caused a jump ball—and controlled the ensuing tip—in the Illinois half of the floor.

The overtime was no contest. Illinois committed two turnovers and missed eight straight shots before making its first field goal with 14 seconds left. Ohio State scored seven of its nine points at the foul line, including two after time had expired, to win the game.

Henson was upset that Ohio State had received 38 opportunities at the foul line and made 25, while his team—the home team, mind you—had gotten only eight and made four. Miller explained it had been his game plan to take the ball inside in hopes of drawing fouls. Indeed, nine of Williams' season-high 29 points and eight of Scott's 16 came at the free-throw line.

For Illinois, it was a sad and unexpected ending to the nation's longest winning streak and most refreshing success story. The bubble had burst, the slipper had shattered, but the memory lingered on. "I'll never forget what it was like this week," Lanter said. "The reporters, the TV cameras, the way friends called to say hello and total strangers came up on the street to say 'We love you.' Even though we lost, I think they'll stick with us. We've finally got a winner."

Just like almost every other school in the Big Ten.

END

The Orange Crush ran out of juice against OSU.



IT WAS ALL OVER BEFORE THE END

He was behind on points after 13 rounds, and when WBC world welterweight champ Carlos Palomino swung into his celebrated fast finish, it turned out to be too little and too late to stop the foxy Wilfredo Benitez **by PAT PUTNAM**

If there was one thing that had characterized the champ's fighting style, it was his slow starts and furious finishes. And now, after 13 tiring rounds in San Juan, Puerto Rico last Sunday afternoon, Carlos Palomino, 29, the WBC world welterweight titleholder, was clearly, if

typically, behind on points. All through the fight, 20-year-old Wilfredo Benitez had toyed with him, showing a certain disdain. Benitez had been elusive, moving like a wisp through the hot (86°) and humid air at the local ballpark, Hiram Bithorn Stadium. For the most part, Ben-

itez had relied on his jab; it was not destructive but it piled up points. Now was the time for the champ to make his patented late move.

Before the fight, Palomino had allowed that his eighth title defense—for which he earned \$465,000, a record in this division—wouldn't be tough. His opponent's body was weak, Palomino said, and his chin was like glass. "I don't expect to have too much trouble," he said. "Benitez isn't very strong, and he's been knocked down by a lot of very mediocre people."

Benitez had, indeed, been knocked down a lot. But no one had ever kept him down; he always got back up to win. In 37 fights, the Puerto Rican's only black mark was a draw with Harold Weston. Benitez had won all the rest, 22 of them by knockout. Still, no one gave him serious consideration as a puncher.

In March of 1976 Benitez had won a 15-round decision—and the WBA junior welterweight championship—from Antonio Cervantes. Benitez was 17 at the time; it had been a stunning upset. After two successful defenses, he had given up the title by default. The WBA had wanted him to fight a rematch against Cervantes. Benitez said he would, just as soon as his hands healed from injuries suffered in an auto accident. The WBA said it wouldn't wait.

"After that, he just seemed to lose interest," said Gregorio Benitez, Wilfredo's father, trainer and former manager. "He lost his enthusiasm, his fire. I decided to sell his contract. I hoped new money might give him new enthusiasm. And it has worked."

Gregorio sold his son's contract to Jimmy Jacobs for \$75,000. Once the world's greatest handball player, Jacobs runs a multimillion-dollar fight-film distributorship in New York City.

One of Jacobs' first moves was to bring in Emile Griffith, a five-time world champion in the welter and middleweight di-



It wasn't really the force of the rights by Benitez, it was their frequency that threw Palomino off

visions, to train Benitez. Wilfredo's father was insulted. "What do you want Griffith around for?" Gregorio said to Jacobs. "You may be his manager now, but I'm still his trainer."

"You can both train him," Jacobs said. The arrangement led to some stormy sessions in the gym. Three weeks before the Palomino fight, Griffith was still at home in New York, and Benitez was training in Puerto Rico. Then Wilfredo called Jacobs. "I want Emile to train me," he said.

Griffith was on the next plane to San Juan, where Gregorio promised to pick him up at the airport. After waiting several hours, Griffith finally decided Gregorio wasn't coming. He took a cab.

"I was flattered when Wilfredo demanded that I train him," said Griffith, a usually gentle man who has been pushed to some volcanic eruptions by the elder Benitez. "Wilfredo said he wouldn't fight unless I was in his corner. So I came. I love the boy. There's not too much I can teach him, but I have a job and I want to do it well. It's not for the money and it's not for the fame. I've already made my fame."

For Palomino, Griffith shortened and sharpened Wilfredo's punches. He planned a brilliant defensive fight from the center of the ring.

"No knockdowns," he ordered. "Don't go for a knockout. Palomino is a dangerous one-punch fighter. He can hit. He is dangerous. He punches over punches. Keep your hands up and fight to go the distance. Be sharp. If you listen to me, you will win."

Gregorio thought Griffith's plan was sheer nonsense. "All Griffith does is tell him about how it was when he was champion," he scoffed. "Wilfredo doesn't listen to him. He only listens to me."

Griffith was patient. Because he didn't want to hurt the son, he had to stand mute against the father. Each day he would go to the gym behind the Benitez' home in a San Juan suburb, quietly do the job his self-respect demanded, and then return to his hotel in the city.

"I tell him he is good but he must get better," Griffith said. "I don't always compliment him. I tell him he's got to do better. I want a perfect fighter. I got this from my manager, Gil Clancy. I never satisfied him. Once I fought what I thought was a most beautiful fight. I was

elated. 'Wise'n I good?' I asked Clancy. He said, 'You're not bending your knee enough.' He said, 'That guy could have got you. You're good, but you must be better.' That's what I tried to do for Wilfredo. Since he won that first title he got a little cocky. That devil! So sometimes I have to pretend to get very angry with him. Then he listens to me."

And so, with both his father and Griffith in his corner, and with both urging him to fight Palomino his way, Benitez went out and tried to be what Griffith demanded of him: the perfect fighter.

In the first round, Benitez showed that he had made up his mind. He went to the center of the ring, as Griffith had said he must, and there he stayed, bobbing and weaving, hands held high, his punches short and crisp.

From the waist up Benitez is like the sea, always moving, rolling in waves, hard to find and harder to hit. But from the midsection down, his stance is extra wide and his feet are always flat, like a puncher's. It is a curious style, as though half of him were an illusion. Palomino found the style difficult to solve.

"I think he's going to come at me right away with a rush and try to get lucky with one punch," Palomino had predicted. For four rounds he waited for the rush that never came. Then Palomino decided he had better go to work.

Stepping up his pace a little, Palomino stung Benitez with two right hands midway through the fifth round, and then nailed him with a solid hook to the head near the end. As Benitez bucked into the ropes, Palomino chased him. But the bell rang before more damage could be done.

Palomino came back to the corner and told his manager, Jackie McCoy, that his hands felt fine. He had broken the right hand late in 1976, and he had broken the left one in his last title defense against Armando Muftiz seven months ago. He hadn't fought since. But now Palomino decided to really turn it on. It would be earlier than usual, but he didn't think Benitez had the stamina to survive a furious pace.

In the sixth and seventh rounds, however, when Palomino reached back, he discovered there was nothing there. "I don't know if it was the heat or the long layoff or what," Palomino said later, "but I couldn't move the way I wanted to. I was slow. I could only throw one punch

at a time; there were no combinations."

"No zip," said McCoy. "No spark. No fire. He just didn't have a thing tonight."

As Palomino tried to step up the pace, Benitez recalled thinking, "Oh, oh, here he comes." And a round later he thought, "He hasn't got it. He can't hurt me. He's mine."

From that moment, the fight was as good as over. Less cautious, Benitez began to punch in combinations, stinging but not stunning. And the jab, the beautiful jab, quick and deadly, was snapping Palomino's head back time after time.

From the 12th round on, McCoy was telling Palomino, "You're going to have to knock him out to win."

But it was not to be.

In the last two rounds, knowing Palomino didn't have enough left to hurt him, Benitez backed to the ropes, and there he planted himself, supremely confident, hitting and being hit. And knowing that within a few minutes he'd be the new WBC welterweight champion.

The decision shouldn't have been close. Judge Harry Gibbs of London scored it 146-143 Benitez. Then came a shocker. Judge Zack Clayton of Philadelphia had it 145-142 Palomino.

At ringside, Promoter Bob Arum grabbed his nose and shouted, "It stinks! It stinks!"

Finally, the score of referee Jay Edson of Naples, Fla., was announced. He had it 147-143 Benitez.

"I wonder what fight Zack was watching?" Gibbs said.

"All those little tap-tap-tap jabs don't mean anything," Clayton said, trying to explain his scoring system. "I don't count them as much. The crowd sees them and goes crazy. But those big body punches that hurt you really count. Those the crowd don't see. I count them, and everybody knows Palomino hit harder than Benitez."

But only at a rate of one to 100, it seemed.

And there was Griffith in the ring, carrying the WBC title belt, and crying.

"Oh, I'm more happy than the fighter," he sobbed. "He makes me very happy. He trained so hard and all the terrible crazy things he had to go through. I can't talk."

Then Griffith left. Probably to tell Benitez he needs to bend the knee more and



Trevino smiled as Mahaffey avoided a playoff

STARTING THE SEASON FULL OF HOPE

The tour opened in a new place at a new time, but John Mahaffey, who held off a charge by Lee Trevino, picked up where he left off **by DAN JENKINS**

It was a peculiar feeling for the golf pros to be in Palm Springs, California in mid-January instead of in Arizona, where the winter tour had started off the past few years, or in Los Angeles, where it used to begin.

But it didn't seem to bother Mahaffey, who just kept on playing well, as if 1978 had never ended. You have to remember that Mahaffey not only won the PGA, after almost two years of looking as if he had forgotten the game and it had forgotten him, but also won at Pleasant Valley the following week. Seven starts later he took the World Cup individual championship in Hawaii. And now he has the Hope.

"I didn't come out here expecting this," he said. "I hadn't played any golf. But I guess nobody's played any golf."

Mahaffey led the Hope from the second round on. He had opened with a 66 on Wednesday but trailed Bob Murphy and Charles Coody, who had 65s. His second 66 on Thursday put him up front, and two consecutive 71s kept him there. Various challengers came and went, but it was Lee Trevino who emerged as his biggest worry.

Trevino was one of the few players who admitted he had been working at golf since the first of the year. He said he had learned to hit a draw and that he was putting like a fellow named Jack Nicklaus. And, indeed, it was Trevino who went out in the final round and, playing one hole in front of Mahaffey, made four big putts on the last nine at Indian Wells to reach the TV microphones first with a closing 69 and a 90-hole total of 344, or 16 under par. He had concluded with a 12-foot birdie putt that would force either a birdie out of Mahaffey or a playoff.

"I never won a tournament by backing off," Mahaffey said he reminded himself on the 18th tee. And so, in the shadows of the Santa Rosa Mountains, he

went at the par-5 hole with a driver instead of playing it safe. This left him with a minor problem. He had to hit his second shot from a stance in a bunker. Which he did nicely enough, but he was still short of the green, with a pond in between. His pitch shot was designed first to clear the water, and after that to get as close as possible.

What Mahaffey left himself with was just about the same 12-foot birdie putt that Trevino had dropped. Mahaffey wasted no time. He looked very much like a man who knew it was destined to fall. Confidence does that. Winning does that.

"Outside of the playoff hole in the PGA, it was as good a punt as I ever hit," he said.

At Palm Springs there were those who felt it was easier for Mahaffey and Trevino to sink putts once the event had become a golf tournament instead of an amateur circus. The Hope amateurs are an amazing lot. Each year they combine to establish new records for white shoes and golf carts cleverly embellished with Rolls-Royce-style "radiators." They come from every part of the land and pay handsomely for the privilege of hanging around with the pros and show-biz types while fetching their Titleists out of palm trees and water hazards that have fountains in them.

It is mostly the luck of the draw that puts them together in three-man teams, and there is also luck involved in which four pros they draw for their four rounds. On that score, a New York real-estate tycoon named Lew Rudin had a right to be the happiest entrant in the field last week. One of his amateur partners was Telly Savalas—and not many of the amateurs can boast of drawing a celebrity, most often getting car dealers like themselves. Next, Rudin drew a pro rotation made up of Trevino, Nicklaus, Dave Stockton and Arnold Palmer. At the dai-

It seemed strange to begin the 1979 professional golf tour in the nation's capital of white shoes, face-lifts and funny carts, but John Mahaffey managed to give it something of the same old look by the time the Bob Hope Desert Classic was over Sunday in Palm Springs. He won again. John Mahaffey has been winning tournaments ever since he took the PGA Championship in August. So now it must be noted that Mahaffey has not only escaped the oblivion he endured before he started his comeback last year but is fast on the way to becoming a "name," a fixture, one of those Tom Watson people. Mahaffey has won four of the last 10 tournaments he has played in, and if he doesn't watch out, he may get so rich he will have to move to Palm Springs and name a street after himself.

The Hope is not only the longest tournament of the year, stretching 90 holes from Wednesday through Sunday, but it is also contested over the most courses, four, and it has the most golfers wandering around, with what the 384 amateurs who for four of the five days join 128 pros who have to help them look for their putts. This year the Hope was the only tournament the PGA could persuade to accept the honor of starting off the season, the opener filling a week later than usual for a number of reasons having to do with the pro football playoffs and new TV arrangements. So, all in all,

ly jam session at Indian Wells after the close of play, it was said that Lew Ruda must have had a lot of bodies hidden in various closets to be so lucky.

By contrast, there are amateurs who play in the Hope for years; if they see Nicklaus or Lawrence Welk across a crowded dance floor, or bunker, they consider it worth the \$2,750 entry fee they pay for a goody bag of gifts and the chance to win some crystal.

The amateur involvement in the Hope makes it a weird event indeed. In any group you are watching only one pro, and while the amateurs are lining up their putts in a blaze of pastel ensembles, or idling with their fur head covers, the wait to see a golf shot can be agonizing for the spectator. Few in the gallery seem to care, however. As a woman said one day, "How many times do they go around? Actually, I'm only here to see Andy Williams."

What this does is make the Hope the least loved tournament on the PGA circuit among the pros. As Trevino said of the problem in playing four different courses—Indian Wells, La Quinta, Bermuda Dunes and Tamarisk—"It's hell finding your way home from a different place every night." The courses are scattered in all directions around the desert, as a matter of fact, and Tamarisk is the only one near Palm Springs itself. Still, the Hope remains the only tournament where in order to go anywhere you find yourself crossing and recrossing Bob Hope Drive or Frank Sinatra Drive. The committee's one oversight was to forget to paint green and red Gucci stripes around the leader board.

On the other hand, it may be appropriate that in 1979 the Hope began the tour, which is richer by \$3 million than ever before, thanks to some new TV packages. The alpaca gang is only going to compete for \$13 million this year, so it was nice that the pros got to look at all those nifty golf carts equipped with stereos, coolers and musical horns. Most of the fairways of the four courses meander by mansions that sport miniature garage doors for the carts. There was a question of whether most Palm Springs residents have adopted the King Tut theory of life, encasing themselves with every earthly treasure while they are still alive, or whether they have simply sen-

tenced themselves to golf without parole.

As for the golf, there wasn't that much excitement during the four amateur rounds, despite Mahaffey's 66 on Thursday at La Quinta, where he had seven straight birdies. Hardly anyone was at La Quinta that day, because Nicklaus and Gerald Ford and Trevino and Savalas and everybody else was at Tamarisk. Nicklaus was actually seen to be yawning during his rounds.

He explained it by saying, "I have trouble getting up on a week-to-week basis. I guess I feel like I don't have much to prove this week."

Nicklaus did manage to wake up momentarily on Sunday at the 6th hole at Indian Wells. He hit an eight-iron exactly 146 yards into the cup for a hole in one. The roar out on the course was so loud you would have thought that Johnny

Bench had got up again to dance in the Indian Wells clubhouse.

For Nicklaus hole-in-one collectors, it was his ninth lifetime and his third in tour competition. The others on the tour came at Jacksonville and Memphis in years he can't even remember. Nicklaus' ace helped him to a last-round 69 and pulled him into a tie for 11th place.

What thrills there were in the end came on the greens of Indian Wells, where Trevino, using his newly adopted Nicklaus putting style, made the putts he needed to keep Mahaffey worried about a sudden-death playoff and where Mahaffey made the bag one he needed on 18 to avoid it. The winning putt made a perfect ending for the opener—a new time and a new place, but nothing shocking so far as the tour is concerned. John Mahaffey is a winner now.

END

A birdie on 18 ended down the Hope for Mahaffey, who has now won four of his last 10 tournaments.



THIS MAN IS

The fastest draw in hockey belongs to New York's Mike Bossy, who already has 35 goals **by E. M. SWIFT**

AN ISLANDER UNTO HIMSELF

Fast hands always claim their share of victims. In subway cars, from which a rider departs light his billfold; on city street corners, where a passerby is flummoxed by the three-card-monte man; in junior high schools, where a girl recalls Friday night's date with a mixture of horror and delight. It is one of life's rules of thumb, so to speak: never trust a fellow with fast hands.

Hockey is also part of life—albeit a

small one—so the axiom holds true there, too. When Mike Bossy, the New York Islanders' sad-eyed, fast-handed right wing, pops up in front of the net with the puck, someone is going to be victimized—namely the opposing goaltender. It happened 53 times last season, when Bossy was the National Hockey League's Rookie of the Year. And sophomore slump be damned, at the midpoint of the 1978-79 season it has already happened

a league-high 35 times again. Like the pickpocket, Bossy isn't overpowering, and you seldom realize he is even there. But then Bossy darts in from the deep slot, or cuts in from the wing, takes a pass and snaps a shoe goalward with a hand-ball player's reflexes and a putter's touch.

"I hardly ever look when I take a shot," he says. "I don't look for a goalie's weakness. If I shoot it quickly enough, it doesn't matter where he's strong or weak, it will end up in the net."

All told, in 114 professional games, Bossy's shots have ended up in the net 88 times, a .772 goal-scoring percentage. Bossy's rate is higher than Bobby Hull's, Phil Esposito's and Guy Lafleur's. It is higher even than that of Cy Denneny, who leads the NHL in that somewhat obscure department with a .767 percentage, which he achieved in the '20s with the Ottawa Senators and Boston Bruins.

True, the 21-year-old Bossy hasn't yet withstood the test of time. But then, no one has ever had such a jump on it. If he continues at his current pace, Bossy will score 70 goals this season, and if he has a hot streak he could challenge the single-season record of 76 goals set by Esposito in 1970-71. That year Esposito scored his 35th goal in his 39th game; Bossy scored his 35th in game No. 40 last Wednesday night in Detroit.

Thanks in part to Bossy's torrid start and that of his linemates—Center Bryan Trottier, who leads the NHL in points with 73 and has scored 32 goals himself despite a professed aversion to shooting the puck; and Left Wing Clark Gillies, who has 16 goals and 41 assists—the 7-year-old Islanders have the best record in the NHL. They beat Los Angeles and Atlanta last week, and tied Detroit and Philadelphia, and at week's end had lost only five times in 42 games. Montreal has lost nine games, Boston eight. The Islanders are leading the NHL in scoring, averaging nearly five goals a game—a pace that will bring them close to the record 399 goals scored by the Esposito-Orr

Bossy's quick moves leave rivals such as L.A.'s Darryl Edstrom (25) wondering where he went





Always squarely in the middle of things, Bryan Trottier has scored 32 goals and a league-high 73 points for the Islanders, who have the NHL's best record

big Bad Bruins of 1970-71—and are second in fewest goals allowed, 109 to Montreal's 107.

The Islanders have the most productive power play in the league, scoring on nearly one of every three chances (Bossy alone has 14 power-play goals), and they have the second-best penalty-killing record, stopping better than four of five power plays.

They haven't lost a game at home all season (17 wins, four ties), and one of their goalies, Glenn (Chico) Resch, currently has a 23-game unbeaten streak. They are closely knit, from the general manager (Bill Torrey) to the coach (Al Arbour) to the fourth-line center (New York-born Richie Hansen). The Islanders are young but experienced, the only rookie regular being Left Wing John Tonelli, who played for two seasons in the World Hockey Association. And in 25-year-old Denis Potvin, the Islanders have a defenseman capable of controlling the entire flow of a game.

For New York, it has been the sort of year in which Potvin could bellow to a stunned and glum dressing room last week after the Islanders had blown a 5-2 lead over Detroit with less than four minutes to play. "Hey, you win some, you tie some!" But you do not lose. In short, the Islanders believe they will end Mon-

tréal's lordly three-year reign as the Stanley Cup champion. Lofly hopes, indeed, for a team that was humiliated in last spring's playoff quarterfinals by Toronto.

"We're a better team because of it," says Torrey, the man of a thousand bow ties. "We've matured. We were due for a bad playoff after four good ones."

In that series, the Maple Leafs disrupted the Islander attack—especially the big Bossy-Trottier-Gillies line—with hard-hitting, rough, often dirty hockey. The feeling was, and in some minds still is, that the Islanders lacked not only enough muscle up front, but they also needed more aggressiveness from their players with muscle, particularly the 6'3", 220-pound Gillies. The acquisition of an enforcer was anticipated, but no such move was made.

"We weren't even tempted," says Torrey, the architect of the Islander franchise. "We think we can win with the personnel right here." The result has been added stability and an almost grim sense of purpose. "We're settled now," says Potvin. "This is a serious team. We're not necessarily worried about finishing in first place. That was our goal last year, and we accomplished it, but then we faced a team that worked its butt off in the playoffs. We weren't prepared to do that. This year we will be."

The myth of the muscle-less Islanders may have been put to rest after a game with the Flyers two weeks ago. His team was trailing 5-1 with 12 minutes to play when Philadelphia's Dave Hovda, a player with no apparent hockey skills, went on a Kamikaze mission, running at Potvin, then bouncing off and taking dead aim at Bossy from somewhere near the tip of Long Island. He skated three-quarters the length of the ice and charged Bossy into the boards, rubbing his elbows into Bossy's face for added effect. Gillies decided that enough was enough and took matters—and Hovda—into his own hands, beating him up.

Enough wasn't enough, however. Gillies skated directly to the penalty box as ordered, but Hovda refused to go. While Hovda occupied the attention of the two linesmen, Flyer Defenseman Behn Wilson, who is 6'3" and 200 pounds, zeroed in on the six-foot, 180-pound Bossy and started punching. This was Bossy's first fight in the NHL, and he did not acquit himself well. To the rescue came the mighty mite himself, 5'9", 163-pound Resch. "It's not like Boss is a 160-pound weakling or anything," says Resch, "but when I see 6'3" Behn Wilson start pummeling him with no provocation, that's too much. I was trying to break it up, so I grabbed him around the

continued



Besides doing some scoring himself, massive Clark Gillies protects teammates Bossy and Trotter.

neck. I just can't sucker-punch a guy."

One thing led to another, and with Islander Wing Bob Nystrom leading the charge in defense of teammate Bossy, both benches emptied. The only thing remotely amusing about the whole unsavory brawl came when Resch found himself paired with Bernie Parent, the Flyers' goalie. Resch pointed to his hairpiece. "Bernie, if I take my helmet off, you won't pull my rug, will you?" Resch asked.

Torrey was clearly pleased with the moxie his team showed in standing up to the Flyers' thuggery. He wisely has tried to mold the Islanders after the Canadiens, one of whose trademarks is that if you want to play rough, they will play rough, too. "I like it when they run at us," Torrey says. "It gets the blood boiling in some of our guys, and they need that. We don't want to, but we can play rough with anybody."

Bossy had no illusions about going through his entire career without a fight, or, more accurately, an attack. And he came away from his fistcuffs with the Flyers relatively unruffled. "I knew it would come sometime," he said. "I may have the fastest hands for shooting, but not for boxing."

It is his shooting, however, that is winning games for the Islanders, who drafted him for just that reason. Despite his prolific scoring during his junior career in Quebec (he had 309 goals in 240 games in four seasons), 14 players were selected ahead of him in 1977—incredibly, five of them right wings—mainly because it was thought he was weak on defense. Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman, whose Canadiens passed up a chance to draft the Montreal-born Bossy, says, "There's no way he should have escaped us, especially when he was picked so low. You can't teach a kid—any kid—how to score

goals, but you can teach him how to cover his wing on defense."

A Bossy-style scorer was the one element the Islanders lacked. "We thought we had a good enough defense that Bossy could help us by developing as a pure offensive player," Torrey says. Arbour promptly put Bossy on a line with Gillies, a good defenseman, and Trotter, who can do everything and may well be the most complete player in the NHL. The result has been the most productive and most feared line in hockey. "They're so good," says Bowman. "It's almost like they're toying with you."

There are three basic requirements for a goal scorer. He must get open. He must shoot quickly. And he must shoot accurately. Conspicuously absent is the ability to shoot hard. "Boss is not overpowering," says Arbour, a bespectacled defenseman during his 12 seasons in the NHL and an expert on the subject of not-overpowering shots, having scored only 12 goals in his career. "Boss'll get the odd goal from far out, but his main strength is that he's exceptionally quick and accurate. He's the quickest I've ever seen at getting a shot off."

Thus the legend of Bossy as "the fastest hands in the East," with its implication of pickpocket moves from the cradle on. But Bossy has a different notion. "That's a lot of bull," he says. "I get the shot away fast because it's something I've always tried to work on. It's something I was taught to do. People ask if I was surprised to score 53 goals my first year. Yes and no. I was surprised at the time, but after the season was over, and I looked back on it, I wasn't surprised at all, remembering all the chances I had. I usually have five or six shots a game, and if I don't score, it's my fault."

It may seem remarkable that a player with Bossy's goal-scoring reputation gets so many chances, but there is nothing mysterious about it. It is a matter of smarts and hard work. "Boss gets himself in the open," says Arbour, "and he's got players who can get the puck to him."

Resch calls Bossy a phantom. "I don't remember how Phil Esposito used to do it, either," the goaltender says. "One thing that's helped Bossy is that the refs don't automatically blow the whistle when two men are going for a puck in the corner anymore. Trots is like Earl Campbell in the corners—you just can't get a good enough piece of him to knock him off the puck. As a result, the other

continued

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club often has to send a second man into the corners to work against Trots, too, and that leaves a man open around the net."

The open man will invariably be Bossy. Gillies commands one defenseman's attention while Bossy constantly moves to stay free. "He has enough sense to keep from getting clogged up in the middle," says Resch. "He'll bring back on the perimeter of the slot and dart in and out. Gee, he gets on a loose puck fast. He'll slap at them blindly, but a lot of those go in. His success is based on the theory that the man without the puck is the most dangerous man in the play. Freddie Shero is always telling his teams that. Then when Boss does get it, he doesn't keep it very long."

Bossy doesn't keep it very long because he knows exactly what he will do with the puck before he gets it, if he is within a certain range. He will shoot—and shoot quickly. "I will fire on some shots and miss the net on many more," he says, "but I know that to have success in this league I will have to shoot quickly."

That is the advantage a natural goal scorer like Bossy has: he doesn't have to think and then react, he has only to react. There are many other facets to his game—he is a deceptively quick skater, a competent passer and checker, a somewhat elusive stickhandler—but the bottom line on Bossy is that he is a goal scorer.

"People try to compare me to Guy Lafleur," Bossy says. "I'll never try to do that. He's a spectacular player, and I'm not." It seems to be a contradiction but scoring goals Bossy's way is not spectacular. Don't expect any rink-long dashes from him, à la Hull or Lafleur. That's not his game. His game is to get open and to shoot the puck when it hits his stick. The pure scorer is a breed apart, and Bossy is the best of that breed.

"I'm always disappointed when I don't score, whether we win or lose, whether I have 10 shots on goal or none," Bossy says. "I like to score goals. The team comes first, and if the team wins, I'm happy. But I'm still disappointed if I don't score a goal. There's just something in me that's that way."

No need to apologize, Boss. Say... you haven't seen a bullfold lying around here, have you? It was right here a second ago.... Boss...? Boss...!

You just can't trust a fast-handed son of a gun. Never could.

END

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XIII SHOULD BE SUPER LUCKY

Often plagued by clunker games, the Super Bowl offers a super showdown as the favored Pittsburgh Steelers play Dallas in XIII by JOE MARSHALL

When the defending champion Dallas Cowboys and the Pittsburgh Steelers square off Sunday afternoon in Miami's Orange Bowl, they should produce the biggest upset in Super Bowl history—a good football game. In the past, the NFL championship has often been something less than super. You had a team with no offense, or one fumble-struck by all the hoopla, or—worst of all—the Minnesota Vikings. For excitement, the Super Bowl has rivaled watching Terry Bradshaw battle baldness.

Not this time. At long last, the AFC and the NFC have both put their best teams forward. The Steelers and the Cowboys are the two best in pro football, with outstanding organizations, coaches, quarterbacks and defenses. It looks like a super Super Bowl.

No two Super Bowl teams have ever had better credentials. The Steelers were the winningest team in the NFL this season, with a record of 14-2. They now have a seven-game winning streak, but that is only the second longest in the league. The Cowboys have won eight straight. Pittsburgh won the AFC championship game by 29 points. Dallas responded by winning the NFC championship game by 28. Pittsburgh yielded only five points to Houston in the title game, but Dallas was even stingier, shutting out Los Angeles.

Pittsburgh and Dallas have been down the Super Bowl road before. In fact, Sunday's game marks the first rematch in

Super Bowl history. In Super Bowl X three years ago in the Orange Bowl, the Steelers edged the Cowboys 21-17 in a game considered by many to be the most exciting of these affairs yet played. This time around, the Steelers and the Cowboys have an extra incentive. Not only will the winners get \$18,000 apiece, as well as Super Bowl rings worth about as much as the \$2,500 it cost Art Rooney to obtain the Steelers in 1933, but they will also become the first team ever to win three Super Bowls. Pittsburgh is perfect in Super Bowl play, winning Games IX and X. Dallas has a 500 record, winning Games VI and XII, losing V and X.

Pittsburgh and Dallas have the most stable, effective organizations in their respective conferences. They also lead the NFL in developing their own talent, although neither force-feeds rookies into its starting lineup. Only one rookie—Steeler cornerback Ron Johnson—will be among the 44 starters in XIII. Both teams signed 42 of their 45 players directly out of college. Under Coach Chuck Noll, who suffered through a 1-13 season in his first year as coach in 1969, the Steelers have now qualified for the playoffs seven straight years, the longest such streak in the league. Under Tom Landry, who endured an 0-11-1 record in 1960, the first season for both Landry and the Cowboys, Dallas has made the playoffs 12 times in the last 13 years.

Ten Steelers and nine Cowboys will play in next week's Pro Bowl. The start-

ing quarterbacks in that game will be the starting quarterbacks on Sunday—Pittsburgh's Bradshaw and Dallas' Roger Staubach. Both Bradshaw and Staubach set club passing records for touchdowns this season. Staubach led the entire NFL with a quarterback rating of 84.9. Bradshaw led the AFC with a rating of 84.8 and was named the NFL's Most Valuable Player. Staubach and Bradshaw can each choose between throwing to a Pro Bowl wide receiver—Dallas' Tony Hill and Pittsburgh's Lynn Swann—or handing off to a Pro Bowl running back—Dallas' Tony Dorsett and Pittsburgh's Franco Harris.

And both Dallas and Pittsburgh have that mandatory ingredient of championship teams—an overpowering defense. The Cowboys' Flex Defense, Doomsday II, led the NFL in controlling the run, giving up just 107.6 yards rushing a game. Pittsburgh's Steel Curtain had the AFC's stingiest rushing defense, surrendering 110.9 yards on the ground per game. During Pittsburgh's current seven-game winning streak, the Steel Curtain hasn't allowed more than 100 yards rushing in any game. As for the bottom line—points—the Steelers gave up the fewest in the NFL, 195, while the Cowboys yielded the fewest in the NFC, 208.

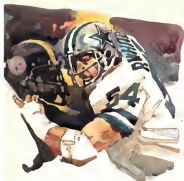
When Dallas has the ball, the Cowboys will discover what Houston Coach Bum Phillips meant when he compared attacking the Steeler defense to "eating an ice-cream cone on a hot summer day. Before you get it all in your mouth, it gets all over you." In particular, Pittsburgh's jarring defensive backs, notably Safeties Mike Wagner and Donnie Shell, and its three linebackers—Jack Ham on the left, Jack Lambert in the middle and either Loren Toews or Robin Cole on the right—get all over end sweeps. The Cowboys will no doubt follow the example of most Steeler opponents and run Dorsett inside to his left, behind Guard Herbert Scott, their best offensive lineman. In other words, away from the left side of the Steeler defense, which is a roadblock composed of

continued



The rifle-armed Brexton and the cool Staubach, the No. 1-ranked quarterbacks in their conference, have formidable weapons at their disposal

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY ANDERSEN



A fractured thumb won't stop Randy White.

SUPER SHOWDOWN *continued*

their two best defensive linemen, Mean Joe Greene and L. C. Greenwood, and Ham, who may be the best outside linebacker ever to play in the NFL.

This year Dorsett joined John Brockington and Lawrence McCutcheon as the only players in NFL history to rush for more than 1,000 yards in each of their first two seasons. Dorsett gained 1,325 yards, 318 more than he had in 1977. Against Pittsburgh, he may prove to be more valuable as a pass receiver than a

rusher. In passing situations, Pittsburgh likes to double-team both wide receivers—in Dallas' case, Hill and Drew Pearson—with a cornerback and a safety. If Hill and Pearson become bottled up, Staubach will have to turn to his inside receivers—Tight End Billy Joe DuPree and running backs Dorsett and Preston Pearson. All things considered, the Cowboys may well invite double coverage on the wide receivers and then tantalize the Steelers with short stuff. DuPree caught 34 passes for 509 yards and nine touchdowns, while Dorsett and Preston Pearson caught 37 and 47 passes, respectively, and averaged better than 10 yards per reception.

On defense, Dallas hopes to shut down the Steelers' running game and force Bradshaw to throw the ball more often than he would like. He threw an average of 23 times a game this season; the Cowboys would love to make Bradshaw go to the air at least 30 times. One reason is that Dallas led the NFL in sacks this season with 58, and the Cowboys feel that Pittsburgh's offensive line is not impenetrable. In Super Bowl X, the Cowboys chased Bradshaw all over the Orange Bowl, sacking him twice and ultimately knocking him out of the game. On the play on which he was KO'd, however, Bradshaw completed what proved to be the game-winning 64-yard touchdown pass to Swann.

The Cowboys' best pass rush should come from 6' 9", 270-pound End Ed (Too Tall) Jones, who ought to simply overpower 6' 4", 240-pound Steeler Tackle Ray Pinney. Dallas also can count on Tackle Randy White to harass Bradshaw sooner or later. Against the Rams in the NFC championship game, White personally sidelined Running Back John Cappelletti and Quarterback Pat Haden with clean but vicious tackles; the week before, though, White was rudely manhandled by Atlanta's Mike Kenn and Dave Scott for three quarters before he asserted himself. White will wear a light cast to protect the left thumb he fractured in the game against Los Angeles. "It isn't too bad," observed a Cowboy official at the time. "Otherwise, he'd have just gnawed it off so it wouldn't bother his playing." Bad or not, when news of White's injury—and cast—was made public, Pittsburgh went from a three- to 3½-point favorite.



On the surface, Dallas' defensive strategy—keep Harris and running mate Rocky Bleier in check, and don't give Bradshaw all day to get his passes away—seems sound, particularly in light of the fact that Pittsburgh ranked 23rd in the 28-team NFL with an average rushing gain of just 3.58 yards. By contrast, the Cowboys led their conference in this department, gaining 4.45 yards per rush. The only type of runner that enjoyed any success against Dallas this season was a speedster who could get outside. Unfortunately, the Steelers don't have an outside speedster. Harris is a truck, and Bleier, who had a 1,000-yard season in 1976, is really just a guard playing running back.

"Teams have geared themselves to stop our running all year long because they know our backs don't have great speed," says Center Mike Webster, the first Steeler offensive lineman since 1965 to start in the Pro Bowl. "The 3-4 is particularly tough for us to run against because of the speed of the linebackers, but the Cowboys don't play a 3-4."

Maybe not, but Landry's Flex Defense



Jack Ham's interceptions and sacks lower the Pittsburgh Steel Curtain.

Dursett plans to steer clear of Ham, Mean Joe and L. C. Greenwood



presents other problems. Traditionally, Pittsburgh has taken advantage of the opposition's defensive speed by using more trap plays than any team in football. "The Steelers trap you getting off the bus," says one NFL coach. Traps are designed to lure defensive linemen into the backfield, where they can be blind-sided by a pulling guard or tackle. In the Flex Defense, however, the Cowboy linemen do a lot more reading—or delaying—than charging, so the Steelers often may find themselves with no Cowboys to trap.

Pittsburgh should have optimum success on the ground when Harris runs to his weak side. Most of the time, Bradshaw prefers to run these weakside plays to his left, behind the lead blocks of muscular 262-pound Tackle Jon Kolb. Dallas is more susceptible to attack here because Right End Harvey Martin, who has been playing on knees so rickety that Landry replaces him with rookie Larry Bethea on short-yardage situations, doesn't handle the run as well as Jones, his counterpart on the other side, and because the Cowboys' right linebacker, D. D. Lewis, is small at 215 pounds.

It is impossible to overestimate the worth of Franco Harris to the Pittsburgh franchise. Before 1972, when Harris was the No. 1 draft choice, the Steelers had never qualified for the playoffs. With Harris, they have been in the playoffs ever since. Harris averaged just 3.5 yards a carry this year but still had his sixth 1,000-yards-plus season, gaining 1,082. And in 310 carries, Franco—who once was labeled the Designated Fumbler—lost only one fumble; in 1977 he lost nine. If there is such a thing as a money ball-player in Super Bowl XIII, Harris is it. He holds five career postseason records, including yards rushing and touchdowns. He also has the Super Bowl single-game rushing record of 158 yards, which he accomplished against Minnesota in 1975. Incidentally, Harris' best day as a pro came against Dallas in 1977 when he ran for 179 yards and two touchdowns as Pittsburgh romped 28-13.

While the Steelers' running game may have been relatively unproductive this year—at least statistically—Pittsburgh still ran the ball 40 times a game, ranking third in the NFL in total rushes. The ground game kept defenses so occupied that the Steelers were able to maintain ball control by passing—a real trick. One obscure statistic is very revealing: Pittsburgh led the NFL in first downs gained passing per pass attempt. Almost 40% of Bradshaw's passes, and 70% of his completions, produced Steeler first downs.

Unlike Staubach, Bradshaw calls his own plays, and he does a thinking man's job of mixing running and passing to keep defenses off-balance. Against Dallas, Bradshaw will undoubtedly go to the air on first down to take advantage of the Cowboys' concentration on stopping the run. When he does, Bradshaw will be exposing the biggest mismatch in the Super Bowl—the Steelers' magnificent wide receivers, Swann and John Stallworth, vs. the Cowboy cornerbacks, Aaron Kyle and Bennie Barnes. On obvious running downs, Kyle and Barnes are a risk at the sort of man-to-man coverage that the Steelers have come to expect from Cornerback Mel Blount, and now the rookie Johnson, too. When teams were beating Dallas in midseason (the Cowboys were 6-4 at one time), they isolated on the Cowboy cornerbacks with excellent results. Kyle was victim No. 1, but he improved considerably as the season pro-

gressed. Barnes has had foot problems, and he will be the one Bradshaw will try to take advantage of.

As a result, Barnes and Kyle will need help from Dallas' two All-Pro safeties, Cliff Harris and Charlie Waters, or the linebackers—Bob Breung, Tom Henderson and Lewis.

"The Cowboys are going to have to make a choice," says an NFL coach. "If they keep their linebackers in to stop Harris on obvious running downs, they'll have to play Swann and Stallworth one-on-one with their corners. But if they drop their linebackers into the pass coverage, the Steelers will run on them all day. Any team that runs the ball 40 times a game has a strong enough running attack to do that. The Cowboys are damned if they do and damned if they don't."

That dilemma will be the downfall of Dallas.

The NFC and the AFC are both represented by their best team, and the team from the better conference will win. The AFC's Pittsburgh Steelers. Say 24-16.

CONTINUED



Harris expects to spring from the traps for his usual 100-yard game



As Waters (41) and Harris well know, Swann likes to consider himself well above it all. His 64-yard catch defeated Dallas three years ago

HELLO, REMEMBER ME?

Cowboys Charlie Waters and Cliff Harris can't quite forget Steeler Lynn Swann, not after what he did to them in Super Bowl X by ROBERT F. JONES

The most spectacular matchup of Super Bowl XIII will not take place in the body-battering pit, where such big-name, big-bucks players as Pittsburgh's Mean Joe Greene and L. C. Greenwood and Dallas' Randy White and Harvey Martin earn their keep. Rather, it will occur far downfield from the crash of pads and the clatter of helmets, deep in the Cowboy secondary, where the Steeler wide receivers, Lynn Swann and John Stallworth, will frequently collide with the celebrations of Strong Safety Charlie Waters and the Kung Fu clown of Free Safety Cliff Harris.

"We've become a passing team," says Swann. A quick glance at the statistics confirms Swann's statement. In 1975, a season that culminated in a 21-17 victory over Dallas in Super Bowl X, the Steelers made 149 first downs by rushing and 125 through the air. This season the numbers were virtually reversed: 149 by passing and 133 on the ground. Swann caught 61 passes for 880 yards, while his opposite number, Stallworth, grabbed 41 for 798 yards. Between them Swann and Stallworth scored 20 touchdowns—double the number made passing by all of the Steelers' opponents.

But statistics are only results. They cannot explain themselves. To understand how they came into being, one must watch the players whose actions are tabulated. In the case of Swann, it's very hard to figure. Though the Steeler roster lists him as six feet, 180 pounds, it's clear from the first glance that either this guy is a fraud or the roster is lying.

"Well," says Swann, who actually is 5' 10", "I like to think of myself as 'about' six feet." A dapper dresser in the Southern California mode, with a cherubic smile and a careful, unemphatic way of speaking, he scarcely comes across as one of the game's most feared and respected participants. Yet to see him leaping half a body length higher than two desperate defenders, or slanting his pass route to

the inside where he is bound to be tenderized by a charging safety, one has to agree that he can think himself however tall he wishes.

"I can't remember the last time I ran an outside or a sideline route," said Swann last week at The Tin Angel, a Pittsburgh restaurant where he and Stallworth were having dinner. "Both John and I run inside nearly every time. Sure, that's where you get hit the hardest. But when you can hang on during the hit, you've gained a lot more than yardage. You've played into the secondary's strength and won, and you leave them with a sinking feeling, you leave them scratching their heads."

Stallworth, like Swann in his fifth year as a Steeler, and also 26 years old, is cast more in the traditional mode of an NFL wide receiver: 6' 2" and a lean 183 pounds. Born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and a graduate of Alabama A&M, Stallworth has been Easternized during his years with the Steelers. Off the field he wears sober, vested pinstriped suits and elegant though unassertive ties. He emulates Swann in the care with which he chooses his words, but there is a definite grain to the timbre of his voice, a deep, loamy reminder of his Cotton Belt roots.

"We're each of us about as quick as the other," Stallworth said, "and I guess we can both jump as high, though Lynn starts a little closer to the ground than I do," and he grinned wickedly across the table at his running mate, "but we catch the ball differently. Lynn always tries to take it against his body, to cushion it during the catch. I have more of a tendency to catch with my hands."

He raised the meat hooks in question, each about the size of a serving platter, and the technique was fully explained. "Lynn usually lines up on the strong side, which will put him opposite Charlie Waters in the Super Bowl, whereas I go to the weak side, against Cliff Harris. But we can and do flip-flop, and we also

sometimes line up both on the same side. Depends on the defensive setup."

"Two of the passes I caught against Houston last week, I lined up on the weak side," Swann interjected. One, a diving catch to the inside, set up Harris' seven-yard run for Pittsburgh's first touchdown. The other was a 29-yard bullet from Terry Bradshaw for a touchdown in traffic, and it triggered the 54-second explosion of 17 Steeler points that ended the half and put the AFC title game out of Houston's reach.

"Strong side or weak side, it doesn't make much difference," said Swann. "John and I are both moving targets. It's up to Terry to hit us, and he's been sharp all season." In 1975, the year that produced the second of Pittsburgh's Super Bowl triumphs, Bradshaw averaged 147 yards passing per game; this season, his best ever, he raised that figure to 182 yards.

"What's happened is that we've developed a remarkable, almost undefinable rapport among the three of us," Swann explained. "The art part of any pass route is what happens during the last few moments of it, the last five yards or less. John and I are concentrating all the way out—taking the chuck or avoiding it, letting the route develop along the lines we've planned, practiced over and over, yet trying to make it seem like something it isn't. You have to do it to know what I mean: you don't know where all the defenders are, you only sort of sense them. But you know that Terry—if he's getting the pass blocking he should be getting—is seeing it all."

"Then when you turn and the ball is already in the air, you suddenly see what's been happening all along. I can tell just how much Terry has led me or faded me, just how much he's put on the ball or how much he's laid off. When the defender sees the ball in the air, he can tell those things, too, but not as quickly, because he hasn't been thrown at by a Bradshaw as often as I have. So if the ball comes a bit inside, or a bit short, or maybe a touch high, it's doing those things for a reason—and I go for it without any hesitation."

continued



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SUPER SHOWDOWN continued

"What it's like," said Stallworth in the ensuing quiet, "it's like we all been there before."

Indeed, there is a kind of a Zen quality to a good passing combination that defies conscious analysis. How in the world of gravity can a quiet, thoughtful, soft-spoken young man of 5' 10" outstep and outdive other men several inches taller and—seemingly—10 times as mean.

"Beats me," said Lynn. "At USC I was a long-jumper, but not all that much of one—about 25 feet. I could high-jump 6' 3". I've always played basketball, though not so much recently—I've been too busy with other things. I guess most of it is timing. Again, it's the rapport with Terry; he knows where I'm likely to end up, and I know that wherever he throws the ball is the place to catch it. Speed isn't all that important to a wide receiver. Look at Raymond Berry, or Fred Biletnikoff. The things that count are quickness, concentration, body control, and, of course, hands."

The Tan Angel is located on Mount Washington at the top of Pittsburgh's Duquesne Incline. Below, the lights of the city glow as brightly as San Francisco's from the Top of the Mark. At the junction of the three great rivers that provided Pittsburgh with its reason for existence—the Allegheny, the Monongahela and the Ohio—ragged ice floes ground and shattered. A Steeler fan stopped at the table and asked for Swann's autograph.

He signed a paper doily with a ball-point pen: the capital S of the family name became the neck and back of a Picassoesque swan, its wing feathers spelling Lynn.

Ah, style!

All-Pro Charlie Waters and Cliff Harris, the best safety combination in the NFL, are two of the Cowboys who will try to stop the Bradshaw-Swann-Stallworth attack. In terms of football erudition, mutual admiration, constructive criticism and simple, good-hearted friendship, the two Dallas safeties are closer than most brothers. They room together in training camp and on the road, they hunt together; they pore over computer readouts of opposing offenses, quiz each other on the minutiae of game plans and act as each other's hardest critic once a game is done.

"We're so much alike," Waters told

ST's Ron Reid as the Cowboys began preparations for the Super Bowl. "That we have to spend time away from each other so we can perform right on the field. When we criticize each other, we're hard—we can't kid each other, because our humor is liable to have a needle to it. If we take a verbal shot, we take a shot. We get backed and really yell at each other. Sometimes the rest of the guys can't figure us out."

They are so much alike, in fact, that the captions under Harris' and Waters' mug shots were transposed in the NFC title game program.

Waters and Harris are company men, members in good standing of Tom Landry's "Flex Defense"—locally known as "The Machine" or "The System." As such, they submit, as do all good Cowboys, to long hours of homework—studying film and computer readouts. They hear defensive sets come in from the bench (just as Roger Staubach does on offense) and accept them on faith. Yet within those company-created bounds, where every component is supposedly built of interchangeable parts, there are considerable differences between them.

Waters—who like Harris is 30 years old—is an intense, quiet, analytical man who takes the game nearly as seriously as Landry himself. He is, in more ways than one, a "deep" defender.

"Charlie studies that computer output longer than anyone else on the team," says the more freewheeling Harris. "By game time he probably knows what the offense is up to more than they do themselves. He can expect a run and 'cheat' up to the line. Even though he's more restricted, in that he has to cover both run and pass, he studies so much that he can anticipate what a team will do in a given situation and play it accordingly. As the free safety, I have to wait a second before I decide whether to go for the ball-carrier or drop for a pass. He can gamble more than I can."

Waters, who came to the Cowboys nine years ago as an ex-quarterback and wide receiver from Clemson, believes that his balance is his greatest strength.

"It's not how hard you tackle," Waters says, "but how efficiently. If I've got the angle on a running back or a receiver, I'll hit him as hard as anyone can. But if I don't, I'll just try to bring the guy down. I study time-space relationships on the field. If a receiver explodes

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to a certain point where he thinks I'll hit him, and then I'm not there, I can use his own momentum to bring him down. I feel like I blend well with our defense. I don't do an outstanding job in any one area, but I'm as good as the players around me."

Such 19th century self-deprecation might be pleasing to Landry and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, but it rides like a hair shirt on the back of mustacheoed, wisecracking Cliff Harris. A free agent when he came to the Cowboys from tony Ouachita Baptist University in southwestern Arkansas, Harris takes pride in his ability to hack it with pro football's most demanding team, and his skill at backing up opposing ballcarriers as well.

Though he communes with the computer on a dutiful, pro forma basis, Harris also relies on some Kung Fu condition that Cowboy coaches call "Tiger's Eye Awareness"—the ability to react instantly to any movement around him. Like Swann in his freewheeling rapport with Bradshaw, Harris is a man who feels a situation more sensitively than he thinks it.

Still, like anyone in The System, Harris does spend some time analyzing the opponent: mainly, he concerns himself with the rival quarterback's head. "I study his emotional responses," says Harris. "How he reacts when he's intercepted, sacked, or after he completes a pass. We have access to tight films shot from the end zone, and watching them is almost like being in the game itself. I try to read the quarterback's emotions, and from that I try to figure out what he's feeling. It helps me."

Waters and Harris complement one another on that score. "Cliff is forceful where I'm yielding," says Waters. "He can often dictate what an offense will do. It's a territorial game for Cliff."

Harris says he loves the fact that Swann and Stallworth run a high percentage of inside routes. "The strength of my play is that I hit hard," he says. "If they run Swann or Stallworth inside, we have to make them pay."

Nonetheless, Harris admits that his job won't be easy. "A receiver is most vulnerable between the time his hands touch the ball and the time he cradles it away. Swann is the sort of receiver who tucks the ball in immediately. So he almost never takes a hard shot when he's vulner-

able. The secret of not getting hit is control. O. J. Simpson has that kind of control; so does Tony Dorsett. And so does Lynn Swann."

For all the respect that Harris and Waters have for Swann, they awe even more for Bradshaw. "Bradshaw's smart," says Harris. "And he's strong enough to force a pass into the strength of our defense and still complete it."

This means that the Cowboys are certain to blitz Bradshaw more than is their habit. Can they make it work?

"That's what we did the last time we played them in the Super Bowl," Waters reflects. "But when you blitz, it's critical that you get to the quarterback quickly. If he has more than X plus 2 seconds, or whatever, you're in trouble. If you leave Swann one-on-one, and Bradshaw sees it, then you might as well forget it. And Terry, being the stud that he is, can hang in there like a big oak tree. Other quarterbacks start falling down when you come near 'em, but Terry never gets off balance."

Harris considers. Then he says, "What we'll try to do is confuse Bradshaw so that he'll throw into the strength of our defense. We'll double-cover Swann at times, single-cover him at other times, and we'll blitz."

Harris assumes a learned, self-effacing demeanor under his piratical mustache. In a plummy voice he adds, self-effacingly, "I haven't studied their tight end, Randy Grossman, on film, but I know Stallworth has a lot of talent. When you double-cover, you hope the one guy you leave to handle the rest of it is strong enough to handle the lone guy. At Dallas we play the percentages. They're going to get X amount of yards through our weaknesses, and if the percentage is high enough we're in trouble."

A typical Pittsburgh pass pattern sends Swann deep, with Stallworth delaying a bit, then cutting across the middle, each coming from opposite sides. The speed of the two Steeler receivers—both run the 40 in about 4.6—coupled with the various kinds of passes Bradshaw throws could very well stretch the zones of coverage beyond the breaking point. Add to that the presence of Grossman, and you have a difficult puzzle to solve.

Harris pauses and contemplates. The mustache twitches. "We better get a great pass rush or our offense is going to have to score a lot of points."

"If I'd been manager, they would have won the series!"



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THE GREENBACKING OF PETE ROSE



CHARLIE HUSTLE'S \$3.2 MILLION CONTRACT CAPS THEM ALL

The dramatic deal in which Pete Rose moved from the Cincinnati Reds to the Philadelphia Phillies is still sending ripples through baseball, from the hot stove to the bank vault. The transaction has been widely discussed since it was announced last Dec. 3, but one aspect that hasn't attracted much analysis has to do with the crucial role that television played in making it all happen.

The influence of TV—specifically, the influence of WPHL-TV, the Phillies' local outlet—was unprecedented. The charismatic power of Rose as a force in raising the ratings of WPHL-TV's baseball telecasts, and consequently the station's advertising revenues, was paramount in sinking the deal. The motives were the same that prevail when a TV station hires a hot newscaster or talk-show host: the buying of a star to get a quick jump of a point or two in the ratings.

Here's how the Reds' Charlie Hustle became the Phillies' Charlie Hustler:

Last Nov. 30, as Rose was in the final day or so of his hectic Lear jet odyssey of selling himself to one eager club after another, the Phillies decided to drop out of the bidding. The club owner, Ruly Carpenter, had agreed to a \$2.2 million salary for a three-year pact but had drawn the line there, and Rose had better offers. Bill Giles, the executive vice-president of the Phillies, recalls, "I was trying to figure some way that might show Ruly how we could sign Pete at a higher figure

and still make money. It occurred to me that if we could get Channel 17 to put up more money, we could make the club income look better and I could prove to Ruly that, dollarwise, the deal made sense."

The Phillies had just signed an unusual (though not unique) three-year extension of its contract with WPHL-TV. It gave the station basic rights to televise 75 games for \$1,350,000 a year, but also gave the ball club a 50-50 split of ad revenues after they had totaled a certain

amount. (Neither the Phillies nor the station will name that figure, but as later events indicate, it meant a lot of added revenue to the ball club.) What Giles did now was to ask WPHL-TV if it could guarantee a flat \$600,000 more in 1979 as the club's share of extra ad revenues that would presumably be generated by the presence of Pete Rose.

At first, station management was skeptical. Then Gene McCurdy, the general manager, decided to ask his salesmen what they thought Rose might do for ad sales. "They talked to some of their customers," says McCurdy, "and they came back most encouraged. They found that Pete Rose playing for the Phillies would do two things: 1) he would certainly raise viewing levels and this would be translated into an increased demand for commercial time and, 2) his presence would have a strong emotional effect on certain chases—people who would buy one partly because they could then see themselves as being instrumental in getting Pete Rose to play for the Phillies. Everything isn't numbers in this business. Some things transcend numbers, and the value of Pete Rose to certain local advertisers is something more significant than numbers."

Still, it was cold numbers that McCurdy offered the owners of WPHL-TV when he made his pitch that the station should guarantee the bulk of Rose's proposed \$800,000 annual salary. As it turned out, the Providence Journal

Co. had bought the station only days earlier, insiders say that the former owners of WPHL-TV would have said no. But the Journal Co. said yes. And so did Pete Rose a couple of days later. And here is where the unspecified "certain amount" becomes important: according to one source at the station, WPHL-TV guaranteed \$600,000 a year for three years, not one. Rose's \$800,000-a-year contract runs one year beyond that, presumably the Phillies and WPHL-TV will cross that fourth-year bridge when they come to it.

Never before in baseball have TV ratings and revenues so directly influenced a superstar's change of team. In the past, stadium attendance has been the principal motive, and in this regard, Rose already has worked wonders for the Phillies. The team sold only 15,000 season tickets in 1978, 18,000-plus have been projected for 1979. But filling seats in the stadium is no longer the most compelling reason for producing winning teams or for buying charismatic stars, particularly in a city like Philadelphia where baseball attendance has been very high—an average of 2.6 million for the past three years—and getting additional bodies into the seats isn't easy. As Giles says, "We hope attendance will keep rising, but the expectation that television revenues are going to increase a lot more is much more valid than ticket receipts."

Giles wasn't the only baseball executive to apply TV clout to the wooing of Pete Rose. Ted Turner, the owner of the Atlanta Braves and, significantly, of WTCC, the powerful cable-TV outfit which is received in some 45 states, had offered Rose \$1 million a year for "three years, four years, five years, whatever you want." The offer was real, all right, but Rose wanted to play for the Phillies all along.

The impact of TV on the national posture has been visible for years, gaudy uniforms, a crucial playoff game held in a downpour, Arctic Circle weather for most World Series games—all these things have come to pass because of TV and they are now generally accepted. So, too, will be the buying and selling of superstars based on TV ratings and ad revenues. It may be good for baseball, it may be bad, but now that it has happened once with a player of Rose's immense stature, surely it will happen again. And again. And again.

END

The Merit Report

*A 3-year update on the
'Enriched Flavor' discovery that
changed low tar smoking.*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report/May '78

MERIT Science Fills Major Void.

"If a cigarette has less tar, it has less taste too."

Just about every smoker believed that theory at one time. And not without reason. Low tar cigarettes simply didn't taste very good. There was a major void in cigarette smoking. By the early 1970's, 8 of every 10 high tar smokers who tried a low tar brand had rejected them.

The brand that finally exploded the theory was 12 years in the making: low tar MERIT.



'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco Yields Taste Of Much Higher Tar Cigarettes.

In Richmond, a research team put a new technology to work. They cracked cigarette smoke down and isolated certain "key" flavor com-

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ponents. Natural components with the unique ability to deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

This discovery was called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco and packed into MERIT.

Confirmation of the MERIT breakthrough came quickly.



MERIT was taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes with thousands of smokers across the country. The results were conclusive: MERIT was *reported by a majority of smokers tested to deliver as much—or more—taste than cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!*

The test findings were echoed in the marketplace.

MERIT was introduced to smokers in January, 1976. In just twelve months, it passed 49 older cigarette brands and was declared the most successful new brand in over 20 years.

Breakthrough Extended To 100's.

Many smokers requested that MERIT be made available in a longer length. The same technology that

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine —
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '79

produced a whole new taste standard in low tar smoking was applied to 100's with striking results.

In tests against a number of major 100 mm brands, ranging up to 19 mg tar, the majority of smokers reported that they liked the taste of new low tar MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar brands tested.

The taste barrier for low tar smoking had been broken for the second time.

National Smoker Study Hails MERIT In Five Crucial Categories.

A new national smoker study was conducted in early 1978. Both high tar smokers and MERIT smokers were polled as to flavor preference, satisfaction, ease of switching, and brand loyalties. Once again, MERIT produced startling responses.

A majority of high tar smokers confirmed that low tar MERIT delivered flavor equal to—or better than—the leading high tar brands tested—cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

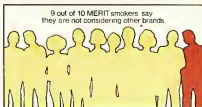
A majority of high tar smokers also confirmed the taste satisfaction of MERIT.

85% of all MERIT smokers tested said that it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

9 out of 10 MERIT smokers also said they were not considering other brands.

An overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers confirmed that their

former brands weren't missed!



The MERIT Era.

Back when the theory of low tar/low taste was a reality, it didn't seem possible that high tar smoking would ever be challenged. But research surveys show that over 75% of all MERIT smokers have switched directly from high tar brands.

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Passport Scotch

With Sly, even Rams can fly

Now that Sly Williams is showing up for every game, Rhody is hardly little

Sylvester (Sly) Williams was perched serenely upon a chair in a hotel room last Friday night, looking slightly Buddha-like—except for his legs, which are of the long-stemmed variety—as he patiently, and lyrically, explained how “all the chips fell where they may, putting me where I am today.” Where Williams is today is at strong forward for the University of Rhode Island Rams, for whom he averages 25.6 points, ninth-best in the nation, and 8.7 rebounds a game. His shooting and rebounding, plus skills as a passer and a defender, make him the best college player in New England and perhaps all of the East. But where he is today is also where he almost wasn’t, and where he might not be in a while. And therein lies a tale.

Williams, who is lefthanded, is 6’7” and impressively square-shouldered, with a head that looks too small for the rest of him. He is a resolutely cheerful and talkative person, especially in those expansive moments when you have obligingly asked him to tell the story of his life and he is about to let you have it with both barrels. It’s almost possible during those interludes to close your eyes and imagine that, instead of Williams, it is the legendary Tyrone Shoelaces talking. Shoelaces, the playground character created by the comic songwriters and singers Cheech and Chong, describes his introduction to the game in the same tones Williams uses. “Ever since I was a little baby, I always be dribblin’,” wails Shoelaces. “Then one day, my Momma

bought me a basketball. And I loved that basketball. I took that basketball with me everywhere I went. That basketball... was like a basketball to me. I even put that basketball underneath my pillow. Maybe that’s why I can’t sleep at night.”

Ever since Williams took up basketball at the not-so-tender age of 13, it has been his opponents who haven’t been able to sleep at night. He grew up with 12 siblings in New Haven, Conn., and it was the family custom to play sandlot baseball after school. “Sometimes we used to kick a basketball around when we played soccer,” Williams says, “but I never thought about playing basketball with a basketball until I was a freshman in high school. Until then, if I did much more than shoot around for a few minutes, I got bored.”

The fact of the matter is that Williams had to be talked into going out for his high school team and was sorry he had done so when he made the varsity and some of his friends did not. In order to play with them he would frequently come home from practicing at school, eat dinner and then go right back out and play all evening with his buddies.

“When I first picked up a basketball in high school, I shot the ball down low and off to the side,” Williams says. “Everybody was always blocking my shot. I always tried to be the best at whatever I did, and I figured the way to learn was by watching the best. To be truthful, I never spent that much time on the playground. I learned by watching pro games on TV. I’d watch Walt Frazier, and couldn’t nobody block his shot. Pretty soon I was shooting the way I am today. It was like a miracle.”

Despite averaging about 35 points during his senior year in high school, Williams was not heavily recruited by major colleges. “I was shocked that nobody didn’t know about me nationally when I came out of high school,” Williams says. In an attempt to get himself some ink, he called his own press conference in May 1976 to announce to local reporters that he had signed a letter of intent to play at Providence, at the time New England’s basketball powerhouse. What he did not announce—and what he seemed



Williams, a 25.6 scorer, is also a deft passer

to have forgotten—was that he had earlier indicated to Ram recruiters that he would play for Rhode Island, 25 miles south of Providence in Kingston.

Acting almost completely on his own because his father had died when he was nine and his mother knew little of the pressures of recruiting, Sly had narrowed his choice of schools down to two and then he chose both of them. At the time, you understand, they both sounded pretty good. “You don’t want to say no to anybody,” Williams says, “because everybody’s being so helpful and considerate.”

continued

Rhode Island Coach Jack Kraft had wooed Sly and then evidently lost him to Dave Gavitt of Providence. But Gavitt had only signed him to a school letter of intent, which is not as binding as a national letter, and Williams was to have yet another change of heart. When Rhode Island opened its doors for freshman registration in 1976, Williams was in Kingston trying to separate his pink cards from his orange cards with the rest of the greenhorns.

Only a left-hander could have picked the smallest state in the Union in which to pull such a stunt, and, needless to say, Providence supporters were not quick to forgive him for it. Williams explains his failure even to drop Gavitt a postcard before enrolling at Rhode Island this way, "I felt that if I went to talk to Dave, he'd have influenced me to sign with Providence. So I just went to Rhode Island and registered." Williams says he finally chose Rhode Island because Kraft promised to build a program around him. "I didn't want to let the program make me," he says, "I wanted to make the program."

Providence people still feel that what Rhode Island made Williams was an offer he couldn't refuse. If that sounds suspiciously like sour grapes, no wonder. While Providence is struggling along with a 5-10 record and no Sly, Rhode Island is fast replacing the Friars as New England's national power. Including the final 11 games of last season, the Rams have won 22 of 25. Their losses have been by one point to Duke in the '78 NCAAAs, by two at Syracuse in December and by one in overtime to Detroit in early January. Last week Rhode ran its season record to 12-2 by walloping Brown, Boston College and St. Bonaventure. Williams had 77 points in those victories.

But the citizenry of Rhode Island has been so enamored of Providence for so many years that Williams' efforts to keep the state on the basketball map have not been greeted with applause. In his first game at the Providence Civic Center, as the Industrial Classic during his freshman year, Williams was introduced to a chorus of boos before the Rams' game with Michigan. "That was a difficult thing for a kid who had never been booed in his life," says Kraft. But Williams responded with 32 points, and when he was removed from the game with less than a minute to go, he got a standing ovation. Williams claims that in the

intervening two years he has been the object of undue attention by police officers who happen to be Providence fans and has generally received a lot of "bad publicity" for his supposed duplicity.

Though Williams averaged 20 points in his freshman season, he was disappointed by the Rams' 13-13 record and was undoubtedly astonished that Kraft would suggest he quit shooting so much in order to fit in with the rest of the team. One result was that last season he came close to transferring, but decided against it because of the year of eligibility it would have cost him. Convinced that he had chosen the wrong school, he began to miss practices, showed up late for two games and skipped the matchups with Boscawen College and Stonchill altogether. "He was never surly or objectionable in any way," says Kraft, "but I finally had to give him an ultimatum: if he wanted to play for us, he would have to be at practice and at all the games."

There has been considerable speculation in Rhode Island that Williams will turn pro at the end of this season. Williams does not dismiss the rumors, but it is said that his mother would like to see him play for the U.S. Olympic team. Ironically, the Americans will be coached in 1980 by Dave Gavitt of Providence. Now what Gavitt has to worry about for the next 18 months is how to keep Sly from defecting to the NBA—or the U.S.S.R.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 8-14)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST A typically frenetic week in the ACC began with two surprises, Maryland winning 82-81 at North Carolina State in double overtime and Wake Forest holding off visiting North Carolina 59-56. When Maryland and State played three weeks ago, the Terps won 126-110 in the highest-scoring ACC game ever, Maryland sophomore Ernest Graham, who had 44 points in that shootout, scored 24 this time. It was Graham's turnaround jumper with six seconds left in the second extra period that won the game for Maryland, which started four underclassmen. A spread offense enabled Wake Forest to control the tempo at North Carolina, where the Deacons led 57-54 with seven seconds to go. Then the Tar Heels stole a pass and called their last time-out. On the inbounds pass, the Deacons, not wanting to risk

a foul and a three-point play for Carolina, allowed an uncontested basket that cut their lead to 57-56. A pair of foul shots in the final four seconds gave Wake Forest the last points of the game.

Duke beat Clemson 73-54 and seemed set to establish the ACC superiority predicted for it. Playing at North Carolina two days later, the Blue Devils led 35-34 at halftime as Gene Banks flicked in 16 points. In the second half, Duke's Mike Givins scored 15 of his 22 points. That wasn't enough, however, as the Blue Devils lost for the 13th consecutive year at Chapel Hill, 74-68. Making the difference was the Tar Heels' Mike O'Koren, who guarded Banks in the second half and held him scoreless; O'Koren finished with 17 points, 20 rebounds, seven assists and four steals. With that victory North Carolina took the ACC lead with a 3-1 record. The Tar Heels brought their season's victories to an even dozen by defeating Arkansas 63-57 the next day.

North Carolina State dropped its third straight conference game, 67-62 at Virginia, where Jeff Lamp led the Cavaliers with 25 points. Virginia trailed by four at the half, but from then on sank nine of 13 field-goal ones and all 15 of its free throws, 13 by Lamp.

Despite travel problems that forced Notre Dame to bus the final 100 miles to Davidson and despite 26 points by Wildcat ace John Gerdy, the Irish won 95-63.

Temple's 11-game victory streak was ended when Penn befuddled the Owls with specially tailored attacks against the Temple zone. The Quakers' offense made use of their quickness and backcourt depth and put 6' 10" Matt White along the baseline, where he could be fed the ball and then dump it back to teammates as they made their cuts. Penn, which once led 69-54, won 79-74 as James Salters had 21 points and Tony Price 19 and 15 rebounds. Temple then bombed Lafayette 72-51, and Penn escaped from Princeton with a 59-58 Ivy League win.

Another Philadelphia team kept winning. Drexel matched its record to 10-0 by beating Lafayette 70-58 and American U. 77-61.

Syracuse was a three-time winner, drubbing American U. 103-73 and Penn State 85-70 at home before coming out on top 74-60 at Connecticut. Roosevelt Route of the Orangemen tossed in a total of 58 points.

Eric Floyd had 41 points and John Duren 20 assists as Georgetown won twice. The Hoyas whipped North Carolina Central 107-72 and Manhattan 78-64.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (12-2)

2. TEMPLE (12-1) 3. GEORGETOWN (12-2)

WEST "We used up all our luck in that game," said San Francisco Forward Doug Jenson after the Dens came from nine points back in the final 14 minutes of regulation time to tie Seattle and then win 74-70

continued

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THE 1979 PONTIACS  OUR BEST GET BETTER

In overtime, Jenison and Guy Williams each had four points in the extra period, and Bill Cartwright had 27 points and eight blocked shots during the game. Jenison's opinion to the contrary, the Dons came up with more good luck—and some remarkable long-range shooting—the next night against Portland. The Pilots, up by 10 with 3:31 left, were forced into overtime when the Dons winged in a series of improbable shots—four flusters from more than 22 feet by Ken McAlister, two from beyond 26 feet by Williams and a 20-footer by Jenison. Further good fortune came the Dons' way when a shot at the buzzer that apparently gave the Pilots a 90-88 victory was nullified by a traveling violation. San Francisco won in overtime 97-92. Cartwright finished with 31 points and Jenison with 25. For Portland, the defeat was its second in a row after starting off 13-0. The Pilots lost earlier at Santa Clara 88-80 as Lonsdale Thrus posed in 33 points for the winners.

Like San Francisco, UCLA narrowly won twice. Oregon, which came to Pauley Pavilion with a 5-6 record, blew a 52-44 lead and lost 74-71 to the Bruins, who got 21 points from David Greenwood. The Ducks trailed only 72-71 with nine seconds to go, but their two attempts for game-clinching baskets were blocked. UCLA continued its mastery at Southern Cal, where the Bruins have not lost since 1963. There were five ties and nine lead changes before UCLA prevailed 89-86. Though he was hampered by a sore leg, Cliff Robinson of the Trojans had 32 points and 14 rebounds. After that game, UCLA and USC were tied for the Pac-10 lead with 4-1 records. High-scoring Oregon State trampled Arizona State 97-80 and Arizona 116-80 as Mark Radford scored 53 points.

Long Beach State, which began the season 8-0, returned from a 6-3 trip and stumbled again. In a pair of PCAC games, the Forty Niners trounced Cal-Irvine 83-58 and were jarred 81-77 in overtime by Fullerton State.

Utah and Brigham Young pulled into a tie for the WAC lead with 2-0 records. With Greg Deane scoring 46 points and Tom Chambers 41, Utah beat Texas-El Paso 77-69 and New Mexico 101-90. BYU shot 64% from the field and got 82 points from Danny Ainge and Scott Runia while routing New Mexico 100-83 and Texas-El Paso 80-56.

In the Big Sky, Weber State, which is 16-4 overall, took command with a 4-0 mark, beating Montana State 59-51 and defending regular-season champion Montana 60-46.

1. UCLA (11-2)

2. SAN FRANCISCO (13-3) 3. PORTLAND (13-2)

MIDEAST Notre Dame does not have a Clark Kent who can transform himself into Superman. But the Irish do have Tracy Jackson. When Coach Digger Phelps called on Jackson in the first half at Marquette, he arose from the bench,

peeled off his warmups and scored eight points. And when Jackson was summoned from his seat in the second half, Supersub got 13 more points, including a layup with 4:19 left that put the Irish in front for keeps after they had trailed by seven points with 12 minutes left. With Jackson triggering the resurgence, Notre Dame won 65-60.

Nashville's fire marshal was watching the Louisiana State game at Vanderbilt on TV when he noticed the aisles were jammed with fans, who numbered 1,000 more than the capacity of 15,500. So he phoned an assistant, who had the aisles cleared. And then the marshal sat back and watched the upstart Commodores temporarily take the SEC lead by stunning the Tigers 88-87 in a game that had 20 lead changes. LSU's DeWayne Scates scored 30 points and teammate Al Green 29, but Vanderbilt had a more balanced attack led by Mike Rhodes' 24.

After losing 90-76 at Alabama two days later, LSU Coach Dale Brown said, "I feel like a failure. I wonder if I should find a shack at a lake and retire." En route to outrebounding the taller Tigers 36-24, the Crimson Tide alternately used fast breaks and a potent offense to build a 62-39 lead. Reggie King scored 25 points and took down 11 rebounds for the winners. Alabama also won 83-71 at Georgia, King and freshman Eddie Phillips combining for 49 points. And then the Tide beat Kentucky 55-52 to take the SEC lead with a 4-1 record. "Bama fell behind 16-5 at the start and didn't go in front until there was 12:27 left. It was King who wound up with 22 points and put the Tide ahead by scoring 11 points in a shade over four minutes.

Instead of retiring, Brown returned home with his Tigers to knock off Florida 80-72.

Mississippi State won three conference games. The Bulldogs got 74 points from Greg Ginn as they won 72-62 at Tennessee and then came home to trim Mississippi 101-92 in double overtime and Vanderbilt 74-68. Tennessee erupted for the most points ever scored against Florida in a 116-73 victory, but lost 79-75 at Georgia.

Larry Knight's 31 points helped Loyola of Chicago shock Long Beach State 95-88.

1. NOTRE DAME (8-1)

2. ILLINOIS (16-1) 3. DE PAUL (11-2)

MIDWEST And then there was only one major unbeaten team—Indiana State. The Sycamores powered their way to a pair of convincing victories, starting with an 83-64 drubbing of North Carolina A&T. This was supposed to have been the Battle of the Birds. State's Larry Bird, who was leading the nation in scoring with a 32.6 average, and A&T's James (The Bird) Spenser, a guard who was scoring at a 19.7 clip. Larry Bird hit on only nine of 26 field-goal tries and committed seven turnovers, but ended up with 26 points, 16 re-

bounds, seven assists, two blocked shots and two steals. The Sycamores held Spenser to 6-for-18 shooting and 13 points. Indiana State cracked Bradley's full-court press at the outset and went on to win 93-74. Bird finished that contest with 27 points, 18 rebounds and 10 assists, while Carl Nicks had 24 points, five rebounds and four assists as the Sycamores moved atop the Missouri Valley Conference with a 3-0 record.

Drake got off to its best MVC start since 1969-70 by winning 73-71 at Bradley and upsetting Croughton 73-61. A crowd of 6,444 was at the second victory, despite a blizzard, a minus-50° wind-chill factor and requests by the police for everyone to stay home.

Having wiped out Rice 79-66, undefeated Arkansas appeared ready to take charge in the Southwest Conference. But Texas, which had been clanking along like a jalopy with three flat tires, ended Arkansas' 35-game home-court victory streak 66-63 behind Jim Kravac's 21 points, John Moore's seven-for-seven shooting and Ron Baxter's 11 rebounds.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LAWRENCE BUTLER: Idaho State's guard had 72 points (he's averaging 28), sealed a 78-77 win over Colorado State with a late shot and steal, and did in Boise State 83-78 by scoring 15 of the Bengals' last 17 points.

Tyrone Laddson and Vernon Smith teamed up for 35 points in Texas A&M's 77-64 thrashing of Baylor. A&M then won 69-43 at Houston as the Cougars, who in two previous SWC games had scored 27 and 12 points in the second half, got only five this time. That provoked Texas Coach Abe Lemons to say of Houston Coach Guy Lewis, "He must have the worst halftime talk in the league." A&M's victories got it in position to sweep ahead in the SWC, but like the Razorbacks, the Aggies lost, 78-76 at SMU. With Arkansas and A&M having been defeated, Texas Tech had a shot at taking first place for its own. Tech began the week by beating TCU 99-75 and came back from an 11-point deficit to beat Baylor 80-76. Then Rice, winner in Lubbock since 1968, got 22 points from Elbert Darden and jobbed Tech 62-56. Somebody had to be first, and it was Texas, which also beat Houston 75-57, and Tech, both 3-1.

Kansas, favored to run away with the Big Eight title, was a 68-45 loser at Oklahoma as the Sooners got 25 points from Terry Stotts. At Oklahoma State, Kansas trailed by two points midway through the second half before turning four Cowboy ball-handling errors into eight points and going on to win 82-70. After the first week of conference play, all eight teams had 1-1 records.

1. INDIANA STATE (13-0)

2. TEXAS A&M (13-3) 3. ARKANSAS (10-2)

Skeets is really scooting

Rinaldo Nehemiah keeps bettering his indoor hurdling world record, but what he really hungers for is the outdoor mark, which he figures to shatter this summer

After a full year of watching Rinaldo Nehemiah compete, Frank Costello, his coach at the University of Maryland, is still in something of a state of shock. Last year, as a freshman, Nehemiah was clipping tenths and hundredths off his personal best times in training with such regularity that Costello couldn't believe his stopwatch. Then in the fourth weekend of the indoor season, at New York's Millrose Games, Nehemiah convinced

his coach that his watch was accurate by setting a world record of 7.07 in the 60-yard hurdles.

Last week, in only his second major indoor meet of the season, the National Invitational at Maryland, Nehemiah lowered the record to 7.02. So perhaps Nehemiah, who has a reputation for being self-contained and polite, could be excused for suddenly sounding a bit like one might expect a world-class hurdler

to sound these days. "I didn't think I was going that fast," he said. "Right now I am only performing at about 75% efficiency. I still haven't run the perfect race."

Nehemiah has been unrelenting in his quest for perfection, and it is paying off. His world-record race at Maryland was his eighth consecutive major indoor victory. During the early part of last year's outdoor season he lost a number of races, including two to UCLA's Greg Foster, but then he beat Foster in the AAU championships. This coming outdoor season he is going all out for the 110-meter world record of 13.21 held by Alejandro Casañas of Cuba. "This year he'll produce 13.25 many times," predicts Costello. "and I foresee 13.18 on several occasions. His outdoor world record will come in a biggie, a big international meet," Nehemiah agrees. "I need top competition to run my best race," he says. There should be plenty of opportunity for 19-year-old Nehemiah to get the competition he wants this year, with the Pan-American Games in July in Puerto Rico and the World Cup in Montreal the last week in August.

Nehemiah came to choose the hurdles, the most technically demanding of all races, for much the same reason he took up the saxophone when he was 11. "The trumpet has three valves," he says, "and on a trombone you just slide up and down. It didn't seem like anything. But all those keys on a saxophone were a challenge. I thought if I could master them, it would be a real uplift for me." Nehemiah learned to finger the keys of the alto sax so well that he won a scholarship to a summer music school in the seventh grade and performed as a soloist in his high school band.

Nehemiah's running talent showed itself even earlier. He earned his nickname "Skeets" before he could walk, crawling around so quickly that, says his father, Earl, "He seemed to be running." Earl Nehemiah saw so it that his sons, Rinaldo and Dyon, and his daughter Lisa all engaged in sports at an early age. Rinaldo has a huge trophy he got in 1970 for scoring 13 touchdowns in one sea-

continued



Planting at home in the Maryland Invitational, Nehemiah lowered his 80-yard world record to 7.02

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From the Village of Love.

son while playing on a recreational-league team in his hometown, Scotch Plains, N.J.

The basement of the small, white, wooden house in which Nehemiah grew up always resembled a well-stocked gym. Much of Earl Nehemiah's earnings were spent on barbells, bowling balls, punching bags, boxing gloves, baseball mitts, footballs, baseballs, basketballs and shoes. "Everything we asked for, we got," says Dion, who is 18, "and Dad always bought the best. When everybody else was wearing \$10 sneakers, Skeets already had a pair of \$30 running shoes."

"I started the boys in football when Skeets was 10 and Dion nine," says Earl. "Skeets would go to practice even when it was raining. Even when I told him there would be no practice, he would go. For him it was never too cold, too hot or too wet. When we went down to Grandmother's house in South Carolina, he would stay out in the hot sun all day shooting baskets."

Earl is a technician for Economy Bookbinders. "I'm not a college man," he says, "and this was the type of job where you can put in a lot of overtime." To make ends meet, he also took a night job as a gas-station attendant. "The boys would come every night and throw the football under the lights while I was waiting on cars," he says.

"We had wrestling and boxing matches," says Dion, "and I would wind up locked in the bathroom, or Skeets would be on his back. We both loved to win, but he beat me most of the time. In wrestling and boxing he was stronger, in football faster, and in basketball taller."

Six years ago, when Earl felt Lisa needed a course in self-defense, he enrolled all three of his children in a karate class. Dion eventually became an instructor with a black-belt rating. However, Renaldo quickly abandoned karate for track, even though he had been the most promising student of the three. "The very first time Skeets attended," says Lisa, "the first time he hit a board, he broke it in half."

Renaldo began to think about becoming a hurdler when he was in the seventh grade, but he was only 5' 3", too short to handle the 3' 3" high school barriers. Two years later and three inches taller, he ran the hurdles for the first time on a dare. "I liked them right away," he

says. "I got banged up a few times, but I was determined. My coach told me one day I would be state champion."

He became just that in 1976 when he was a junior at Scotch Plains-Fanwood High. He also broke the New Jersey state record with a 13.6 for 120 yards. Nehemiah's senior year was nothing short of sensational. By then he had grown to six feet and 158 pounds, "with a very high crotch," says Jean Poquette, his high school coach. During the indoor season he tied four national high school records, including a hand-timed 6.9 for 60 yards over high school hurdles and a 7.2 over standard hurdles, which are three inches higher. Then, outdoors, in April, he twice tied the national high school record of 13.2 for 120 yards. On Memorial Day 1977 at the Eastern States High School Championships he bettered that clocking three times, skimming over the hurdles in 13.0 in a heat, 13.1 in the semifinals and finishing up with 12.9 in the finals. It was the first time any hurdler had been timed in under 13 seconds for 120 yards or 110 meters, over high school or standard hurdles.

Nehemiah feels that on that day he truly became a hurdler. "In the middle of the race," he recalls, "I suddenly became aware of my speed. It was more like a sprint. I wanted the 12.9. Then, believe it or not, I hit the seventh hurdle. I thought, 'I've had it.'"

Nehemiah's decision to enroll at Maryland in the fall of 1977 to study accounting prompted a rare argument in the Nehemiah household. Earl and Sheila, whom Renaldo's father married five years ago after his first wife died, favored USC, but Renaldo wanted to stay close to home. Besides, Bobby Colibon, a sprinter and high school buddy, was already at Maryland, and so was Greg Robertson, a 13.6 hurdler with the nickname "Fly."

Just as Renaldo had hoped, the two star hurdlers have become close friends and fierce competitors. "Even in practice we can't ever relax," says Nehemiah. Robertson, who is as effervescent as Nehemiah is solemn, adds, "Before he came, I could stay out all night and still win in a dual meet the next day. Now I have to be more serious."

According to Costello, Nehemiah's hurdling technique verges on perfection, which is all the more amazing considering that Nehemiah honed it at home,

hurdling over his bed while watching himself in a mirror. "Hurdling comes very natural to Skeets," says Costello. "He doesn't have to make his body do it. He concentrates on the tremendous snap in his lead leg."

"It's not the power in the legs that counts," says Nehemiah. "I have more power in my upper body. That's where you need it. The legs go where the arms take them."

Last year Costello often gave in to the temptation to use Nehemiah in as many as four events in an outdoor meet. After all, he was not only the Terps' best hurdler but also their best sprinter and quarter-miler. At the NCAA championships, he had to run a semifinal of the 400-meter relay and a hurdle semifinal in a span of 20 minutes. Seventy minutes later, in the hurdles final, he barely lost to a fresh Greg Foster, who set an American record of 13.22.

After Nehemiah got his revenge on Foster in the AAUs, he told the press that he might consider transferring. "He never said to me that I was running him in too many races," says Costello. "Maybe it was a communication problem and he couldn't say no. This year we have an agreement that he will speak up. Listen, he was great in high school; he is greater now. So we must be doing something right."

After the AAUs, Nehemiah went to Europe to chase after the world record. He competed in 13 races in six countries in about two months and lost only once. On that occasion, he admits, he underestimated his competition in a slow, inconsequential race. His best time on the tour was the 13.23 he ran at Zurich during a whipping rainstorm. That was his fifth junior world record of the year. "I would have gotten Casañas' record if it hadn't rained," says Nehemiah.

He returned from Europe with a sore right ankle and, on doctor's orders, had to rest for three months. He didn't run again until Thanksgiving, but he lifted more weights than ever to strengthen and fill out his upper body.

Nehemiah didn't resume hurdling until Christmas. "His form had suffered somewhat," says Costello, "and we had to go back to very basic drills. For a while I was wondering whether he would be running indoors this year. And then he came back so very quickly. I know I'm handling pure gold."

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Blistering anticlimax

Young John McEnroe outlasted Arthur Ashe to win the Masters after Jimmy Connors retired with a blistered toe



McEnroe relied on his dirt touch to beat Jeeba

If the strange and tenuous relationship between the Grand Prix Masters tournament and the sport of tennis appears to be a bull-matador kind of friendship, it's probably because although the Masters always knows it will get its square in the neck, it never knows just when. The day is coming when none of the eight best players in the world eligible for the year-end showdown will bother to show up. Nos. 1 and 2 will default because they're tired, Nos. 3 and 4 will default because they're overly rested, Nos. 5 and 6 will develop cramps on the way to the bank. No. 7 will develop cramps on the way back from the bank. And No. 8 will run away to join the Moonies. Forever yours, Masters. R.I.P.

While none of this happened in and around Madison Square Garden last week, a few political shenanigans combined with a blister to make this year's Masters worthy of its bizarre predecessors. At the same time, history may view last Thursday night in an entirely different light, that being the evening on which 19-year-old John McEnroe defeated 26-year-old Jimmy Connors for the first time and, more important, that being the same evening on which the two of them—hard-boiled, left-handed, mean-streaked alike—got a real hate on for each other.

The evidence that McEnroe, from just across the Triborough Bridge in Douglaston, Queens, had dominated his homecoming tournament was hardly noticeable in the finals on Sunday, when for a while it seemed as if he had gift-wrapped the championship and its \$100,000 first prize and handed it to Arthur Ashe, of all people.

Ashe had been brutally whipsawed by McEnroe in the preliminary round robin 6-3, 6-1, when the youngster made just one unforced error. But came the showdown, and McEnroe not only double-faulted away the first set three times

on set point, but he also scattered his deliveries and normally penetrating volleys into the back alleys of Manhattan.

The calm and crafty Ashe led 4-1 in the third set before McEnroe righted his erratic strokes to break back in the seventh game, to fight off two match points in the 10th, to break again with a dazzling backhand drive in the 11th, and to serve out the match 6-7, 6-3, 7-5. "If you had seen my match with Arthur the other night, you know this was tougher," McEnroe told the crowd. "I just hoped he wouldn't prove what a great player he was today."

Having concluded a literally phenomenal year in which he had lifted himself from the graveyard of rankings (257th to 13th), Ashe had proved that, of course. McEnroe had simply proved that he was even better.

Moreover, until Ashe's valiant performance, the tournament itself had suffered from a certain ennui because of the outcome of the round-robin match between McEnroe and Connors, in which the new champion was leading the old one 7-5, 3-0, when Connors retired because of a huge blister that was hemorrhaging just below the large toe of his left foot.

"What happens if I default now?" Connors had asked Umpire Frank Hammond at 5-all in the first set.

"You're out of the tournament, Jimmy," Hammond said.

So Connors played on. But he lost the next two games to lose the set and then the next three before the tournament physician, Dr. Norman Rudy, inspected the foot and asked Connors how it felt. "It hurts like hell," Jimbo said.

"Got to go now," Hammond called down from the chair.

"If that's the case, Frank, I can't make it," Connors said.

With that, McEnroe, in order, threw down his racket in disgust, walked over to shake Connors' hand, then went back out onto the court and raised his arms on high to the crowd of 16,100 as if to say, "So what? Let's hear it for me anyway." He heard it. Later McEnroe said,

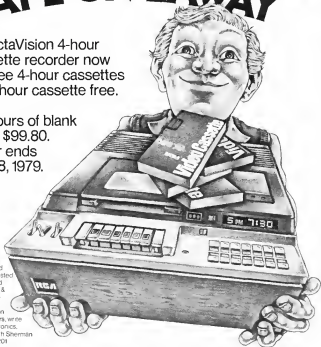
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"I'll take it. A win over Connors is a win over Connors."

However hollow, that is what it was, all right, a win. And just like that the tournament was over three days before it was truly over, which isn't the most *outré* occurrence to befall the event.

Set up to unify international tennis by connecting selected tournaments by means of bonus points and prize money, the Grand Prix originated in 1970, with the Masters as its culminating playoff. The first two Masters were uneventful; then, chaos. In Barcelona the bull boys punched holes in the balls with ice picks. In Boston the line umpires went on strike just before the final. In Melbourne swirling winds and 120° temperatures plagued the contestants. Then came the defaults: in Stockholm Ashe and Ilie Nastase were defaulted from the same match. In Houston Raúl Ramírez was defaulted, then reinstated by the then-sponsor, the Commercial Union Insurance Co. Last year, with the tournament now under the banner of Colgate-Palmolive, Björn Borg and Guillermo Vilas both found a loophole in the rules and, claiming they were suffering from various maladies, defaulted round-robin matches, presumably in order to rest for the semifinals. Thus the new rule which eliminated Connors this year: any player who fails to start or finish a match is out.

For a long time there was some question whether Connors would even be in. Neither Borg nor Vilas nor Jimbo had played in the requisite number of tournaments to be eligible for bonus-pool money in 1978. Angered by this rule, Borg and Vilas gave notice that they would not grace the Masters. Ultimately, however, Connors was prevailed upon to save the tournament and the sponsor—and *gasp*—tennis itself. (Connors emphatically denied reports that what induced him to change his mind was a chunk of appearance money.) He also must have been prevailed upon to notice that New York and the Masters might be a nice forum to express his displeasure at the 1979 Grand Prix rules, to which he and Borg and Vilas—not to mention McEnroe and Vitas Gerulaitis—also strenuously object.

Specifically, five of the top players in the game—as well as numerous spear carriers—had refused to sign up for the Grand Prix circuit (making them ineligible for all Grand Prix tournaments, including such mini-events as Wimbledon

and the U.S. Open), because of their disagreement with several regulations, the most oppressive of which required them to play in six tournaments designated by the Men's International Professional Tennis Council. The Association of Tennis Professionals, the players' union which the five have never seen fit to join, obviously hoped to isolate Connors and convince him of the error of his ways. But the ATP didn't reckon with John McEnroe Sr., a Wall Street lawyer who was incensed by the new rules. He and a group of players' representatives sat down with the Pro Council.

"I'm not used to being dumped on in my business," McEnroe Sr. said. And sure enough, the outcome of the meeting was that the deadline for the players' signing was extended from Jan. 10 to March 5, by which time a compromise may be worked out.

Meanwhile, back at Madison Square Garden there wasn't a whole lot else that Connors and McEnroe Jr. could agree on. The fun started when Connors warned the media against getting excited about his rival. "Remember, he's still a young boy," Jimbo said of McEnroe. "When I was young and won the U.S. Pro, everybody said I was lucky. Maybe luck doesn't mean as much anymore. McEnroe will be good practice for me."

Informed of this compliment, McEnroe replied that Connors "is in a good position to say that. I just hope it's a great match. I don't want to win 1 and 1. I'd rather win 7-5 in the third."

McEnroe didn't need to be reminded that he was 0-4 lifetime vs. Connors. He also didn't need to be told that those matches came before he ravaged the tennis world this autumn and winter, winning four tournaments, embarrassing Borg on his home ground and bringing the Davis Cup home to America.

"John's most important weapon is his slice serve," said Brian Gottfried. "Against Jimmy, that comes right into his strength, the lefthanded forehand."

Which is why McEnroe's victory over Connors on the tournament's second night was far more decisive than it seemed. First of all, about the injury. Even before Connors began limping noticeably late in the first set, McEnroe was more than holding his own. Second, McEnroe served badly throughout the match; he did not win because of his blis-

tering spin deliveries combined with alternately searing and feathery volleys, the way he usually does. McEnroe beat Connors in spite of his off-form service.

In three different service games in the first set, in fact, McEnroe started off with a double fault. He had seven doubles in the eight service games. Nevertheless, he fought off three separate break points in two games and never permitted Connors to break through his serve.

Conversely, in the 12th and deciding game of the first set—game point for Connors to hold serve and tie the set—McEnroe answered a ferocious Jimbo overhead by using his wondrously quick reflexes to slingshot a backhand from the middle of the court past Connors' forehand wing. Jimbo then drove two of his own backhands out of bounds—the first long down the line, the second wide cross-court—to lose the set.

"I hung in there. Even when he pressured me and I could have been broken, I hung in," McEnroe said afterward.

The next day McEnroe said he never would have walked off the way Connors did. "It didn't make me feel great that he didn't finish," McEnroe said. "You should give a guy the satisfaction of beating you. If you're a competitor, if you want to play the game for a long time, you shouldn't do those things."

"This doesn't diminish my respect for him as a player," McEnroe said of Connors. "But he's the type who needs to be mentally ready, charged up. If he's not that way, he's not as good."

For his part, Connors at first admitted that he took too long a layoff and that his "feet were too soft"—his last tournament was in early December. A day later Jimbo started snapping back. "I don't need to fake an injury against McEnroe," he said. "... against anybody. I've never done anything like that in my life. What is he, Superman?"

Asked if McEnroe was good enough to be No. 1, Connors said, "Not as long as I'm playing. Maybe he will be when I retire."

To which McEnroe had yet another rejoinder. "When is Connors going to retire?" he asked. "He may never play another tournament now. Who knows?"

Everyone knows. Jimbo wants no part of this kid unless he's 100%. Even then, it might not be enough. The McEnroe-Connors thing has just started. But already, oh what a lovely war!

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Born Free and living up to his name

Lloyd Free, Philly's gift to San Diego, is the most spectacular show in town

It was one of those hot summer days in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. A group of teen-agers held the court at what was known as 66 Park—the best address in the neighborhood for a basketball player—and were doing some amaz-

ing things. Fly Williams was there and so was Phil (The Thrill) Sellers. Both would become big neighborhood heroes, All-Americans and ABA and NBA players for a brief time. And then there was a little 15-year-old named Lloyd Free. Just plain Lloyd Free, who couldn't shoot or dribble well but who could jump higher than anyone there.

"I was getting off on those guys with their nicknames," says Free, 10 years later. "But I was just Lloyd Free." That is, until he performed a midair 360-degree spinning dunk, the standard qualifying the executor for playground legendhood.

"World!" yelled Herb Smith, another player. "World! Hey, Lloyd needs a name, and I'm naming him 'World' cause the world keeps spinning round and round."

Lloyd Free wants to clear the record. He did not name himself. And he would not become "All-World" until he had played on a city championship team at Canarsie High, an NAIA national championship team at Guilford College—where he set a school career scoring average record—and made the Philadelphia 76ers as a second-round draft pick in 1975. To the gang at 66 Park, the Crosby brothers, the Smith brothers and his own brother Joe in Brownsville, All-America was not enough. To them Lloyd Free was All-World.

"They promoted me," says Free. And once in Philadelphia Free promoted himself. But in three years there, before he really got a chance to do it on the court, he did it mostly with his mouth, like the young Cassius Clay. "Now," he says, "I'm doing it with my act."

And so he is. Performing for the San Diego Clippers, he is averaging 28.2 points per game and is the NBA's No. 2 scorer, just 1.3 points behind last year's champion, San Antonio's George Gervin. He has topped 30 points 17 times, seven times in his last eight games, during which he shot 58% from the field. Saturday night during a 124-119 loss to Atlanta he scored a career-high 46 points. All-World is what he seems to be.

But as appropriate as that moniker may be, is it any more appropriate than

his own surname? Is there anyone in the world better described by his name than Lloyd Free? He is free with his play, free with his words and free with his feelings. Not to mention the fact that the Clippers, the team he has made respectable, obtained him virtually for free.

"In high school I used to hear that song"—Free begins singing *Born Free*—"and pretend they were singing *Lloyd Free*. Now I am free." He is shooting an average of 20 times a game—more often than anyone except Gervin and Pete Maravich—but he is hitting 50% of his shots. Small children still come up to him and say, "Free, you're a gunner," but he's passing the ball off as well—at least as often as his San Diego backcourt partner, Randy Smith. As for Free's defensive play, no one is saying anything about All-World.

In Philadelphia, Free trumpeted his virtues to the press, demanded to be traded, brazenly equated his talents with those of established superstars such as Julius Erving and George McGinnis, and called himself "The Prince of Midair." It was often suggested that he would be happiest playing alone, with a mirror, so he could watch himself.

To be sure, Free had his moments in Philadelphia. There were sudden, unconscious outbursts of whirling, flying, impossible shots from 30 feet out. And there was the memorable seventh game of the 1977 Eastern Conference playoff semifinal against Boston, the defending league champion, when, Free says, "I messed up their banners." Free came off the bench and missed his first six shots. He then went on to hit 10 of his next 21, winding up with 27 points to help win the series.

But at other times there were disastrous strings of missed shots, air balls and turnovers. It didn't seem to matter whether he was hot or cold, he made purists cringe. And inevitably Free would be yanked back to the bench.

Gene Shue, who coached Free and the Sixers before being fired six games into last season, says, "I never had any doubts about Lloyd's ability, and often when the



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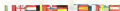
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game was on the line I would go to Lloyd, not Doc or George. But sometimes there just weren't enough basketballs. It got to where we thought about posting a sign-up sheet for the ball." And when Billy Cunningham took over the team, it was clear that there would be little space left for Free's name.

Shue, watching from exile, knew this. He also knew that when he accepted the job as coach of the Clippers, who moved west from Buffalo last summer, he would be inheriting a strange mixture of players from the 27-55 Braves and the 32-50 Celtics, who had made a multiple-player deal. "When you look at your group and see players like Sidney Wicks and Swen Nater," says Shue, "you know that they are there for some reason. I knew we couldn't win. But I also knew that Lloyd Free was a winner."

When the Clippers put in a call to Shue's former employers about obtaining Free, the 76ers didn't exactly drive a hard bargain. They let Free go for a first-round draft choice—in 1984. That is almost nothing. "That is nothing," says Shue in pure astonishment. "Lloyd is one of the most talented players in the league, and they just gave him away."

"There must be something wrong with Free," said one assistant coach last week. He was scouting the Clippers in New Orleans in a game in which Free hit on 11 of 21 shots and 12 of 14 from the foul line. "Twenty teams didn't want him." And as San Diego cemented a 114-107 victory over the Jazz, the same man said, "Hey, they're no slouches. That's a good team out there."

The idea is shocking: those people around the league who insist that the Clippers are no more than a one-man, one-on-one circus. But the team has won nine of its last 16 games, and even though the Clippers are in last place in the Pacific Division, the NBA's toughest, seven of the league's 22 teams have worse records than San Diego.

The Clippers get almost 50 points a game from their starting guards—Smith, a two-time All-Star, is averaging 21—and their third guard, rookie Freeman Williams, last year's NCAA scoring champion from Portland State, is beginning to come on. They are also the second-best rebounding team in the NBA. Studious Kermitt Washington, who is well read in Oriental philosophy, is the league's best offensive rebounding forward. The center tandem of Nater and

Kevin Kunnert is good for a combined 16 points and 15 rebounds a game. And the small forwards, Nick Weatherpoon and Wicks, two of Shue's reclamation projects, are playing solidly, scoring in or near double figures and moving the ball out to the speedy guards. "This team represents a mesh of players from different backgrounds," says Wicks. "What a mesh."

The unanticipated success of the team has made a happy return for pro basketball to San Diego, where it had failed three times. In 1975, when San Diego had its last team, crowds averaged 2,616 at the Sports Arena; the Clippers are now pulling in an average of 8,013 a night. And the big promotions—the Laserium light show and the Great Jell-O Jump, in which 25 people will simultaneously wallow in an enormous Dumpster Dumpster full of blue Jell-O for keys to new cars—are still to come.

Free thinks he is all the promotion the Clippers need. "I'm their card," he says. "In San Diego people come right out of their seats when I do my thing. Right out. Basketball's crazy. People talk about winning, but it's not really about winning. Times have changed. Today it's a show. People want to see that razzle-dazzle—guys taking crazy shots and hitting them. You have to have some jazz in the game, 'cause if you don't, people won't come out."

Shue made it clear from the day Free joined the team, Friday the 13th of October, that Lloyd was his man. This would have caused problems on many teams, but the Clippers understood their needs. "We had to believe he'd help us, no matter what we read or heard about him," says Washington.

"Cripes," says Free. "Some of the guys thought I had a bigger head than Sidney Wicks, and he used to be real bad. Can you believe that? I had to let them know that all the talking had taken the place of the playing."

"Frankly," says Shue, "I don't know where we'd be without Lloyd." The answer was made clear last week: Free missed a game in Milwaukee with a bruised back, and the Clippers lost 104-93. They beat New Orleans with him, but he missed the next game in San Antonio and the Clippers were blown out 140-111.

That day Free was in the Philadelphia Common Pleas Court for a hearing in

his lawsuit against his former agent, Joseph Jeffries-El. Free contends that Jeffries-El mismanaged funds he earned while playing in Philadelphia. Jeffries-El, according to Free's attorney, Richie Phillips, received Free's salary and was supposed to pay his bills. Jeffries-El, Phillips said, set up a corporation called All World Enterprises, of which Free was president. One of the corporation's main properties was The Free Throw, a sporting-goods store. When the store went out of business last October it was in debt for more than \$100,000 and back rent was owed and there were defaulted mortgages on a home that had been purchased in the corporation's name. In testimony last week, Jeffries-El said that Free was to blame for his own financial problems, claiming that Lloyd "was living over his head."

The relationship between Free and Jeffries-El goes back to Brownsville when Lloyd was 14, and Jeffries-El came around to the playground introducing himself as a Muslim minister.

"We were young then," says Free. "I had never thought about pro ball, but obviously Joe-El did. One day one of my friends showed up at a brand-new Cougar. 'You stay with me and Joe-El and you can get a car, too,' he said. I fell for it. I sold myself for a car. When I started college Joe-El gave me a Grand Prix. Then I started to get money. I figured, hey, I don't have any, this man's giving it to me, so why not take it."

When he was drafted by Philadelphia, Free looked for an agent. He came from a strong family, and his parents wanted him to stay away from Jeffries-El. "But then he did one of those 'After all I've done for you' numbers," says Free. "So, you know, I felt obligated."

Free hopes to get his financial problems solved with the help of Phillips. "All of the money that's gone. I say 'later' for it," says Free. "The old rep I had for being a bad guy, I say 'later' for that, too. Right now I'm like I was in college. No one can stop me."

"There is only a certain amount of ability that you can have in the game of basketball," says Shue. "It's rare when you can find a player who can beat another player either by outrunning him, outquicking him or outjumping him and at the same time be able to handle the ball. Lloyd can do all those things. There is no one who can stop him. I guess they gave him the right nickname."



YANKEE FROM LOUISIANA

Ron Gaudry, the Catfish with the shotgun left arm, mowed down American League hitters last season. Now he's back home by the bayou, trying to be just an other Gaudry

by **SAM MCGEE**



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RON GUIDRY

continued



Since the '77 All-Star break, Guidry has won 19 games while losing only five.

Ron Guidry, the unanimous winner of the 1978 American League Cy Young Award and the man the New York Yankees couldn't have won the world championship without, was born and raised in Acadiana, as the southwestern part of Louisiana is known. He is a Cajun, a man of French heritage. There is a Cajun word, *canaille*, the definition of which has evolved in a roundabout way from the original French meaning of *ruffian* to the contemporary Cajun one of composed, crafty, street smart. When a Cajun says that Guidry is *canaille*, he also means that Guidry has faith in himself.

It is a wonder Guidry has been able to keep the faith, considering the rockiness of his road to stardom. It took him six years to make the majors permanently, and when he did so in 1977 at age 26, he brought with him an undistinguished minor league record of 24-22. He had been blasted off the mound by the archrival Red Sox; he had been accused by the Yankee owner of lacking guts; he had been ignored and left to agonize in the bullpen for 46 straight games without throwing a single pitch to an opposing batter; and then he had been sent back down to the minors. When he rejoined the Yankees for good in spring training the next year, he had an exhibition-season ERA of 10.24; was saved from being traded by a man who was untractable in his certainty that Guidry possessed extraordinary gifts; and finally was given a chance to start only when the Yankees found themselves without a starter and had to scrape the bottom of the barrel.

It takes an awful lot of faith to survive all that. It also took heart to walk onto the mound under such circumstances and calmly pitch 8½ shutout innings, which is what Guidry did. In fact, through all his trials—and now through all his triumphs—Guidry has been so calm as to appear blasé, a demeanor that has become his trademark. "People show emotion in different ways," he says. "Even though I do some spectacular things, I just shrug my shoulders and say to myself, 'Well, I guess I got away with something.'"

If Guidry were to write a book about the things he has gone ten away with as a Yankee, it might be titled *Two Close Calls*. The first close call came on the night the Red Sox shelled him; in one-third of an inning of relief he gave up four hits and four earned runs, two of them scoring on a home run by Carl Yastrzemski. Guidry would like to forget the evening entirely—to be sure, he plays it down today—but it was a memorable, if miserable, one. It was May 20, 1976, a night on which the Yankees and Red Sox emptied their benches and brawled in Yankee Stadium. Shortly after Guidry's hapless performance, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, who for some time had been harboring grave doubts about Guidry's fortitude, told associates that Guidry's pitching that night showed that he "didn't have any

guts" and that he needed to get some, presumably outside of Yankee Stadium. "After Yastrzemski hit that homer, they treated me as if I had done something wrong," says Guidry. After he served his 46-game penance in the bullpen, Manager Billy Martin told him the Yankees were sending him back to Syracuse because he wasn't pitching enough.

Guidry wasn't overjoyed at going down to Triple A, having already spent half a season there. "I'm getting too old to be shuffled around like that," he said to himself. "I can't keep on being yanked up and down like a yo-yo. If this is what the Yankees think I'm worth, I might as well go back home and get a job. I'm 25. Life is flying by. I can't afford to wait until I'm 30 to begin making a living for my family," which at the time consisted of a wife and a child on the way.

Guidry packed his car and, with his wife Bonnie, set out for Louisiana. They were about 100 miles west of New York, just into Pennsylvania, when Bonnie said, "Are you sure you want to give up on everything you've been working toward for the last 10 years? You've never quit at anything you thought you could do in your life. Don't quit on your own. Let the Yankees tell you you're no good before you think of quitting."

Guidry never really wanted to hang it up—"I was frustrated, but I wasn't fed up with baseball," he says—and it was easy for Bonnie to persuade him to reverse course on Interstate 80. Guidry reported to Syracuse on time; the Yankees didn't find out for two years how close he had come to quitting.

In his first appearance with Syracuse, Guidry came in with one out in the eighth inning, the bases loaded and the tying run on third. He struck out the next two batters and then struck out the side in the ninth. "Not bad for a kid with no guts," someone said to Steinbrenner the next morning.

After finishing the 1976 season at Syracuse with a 5-1 record and an astounding 0.68 earned-run average—he had allowed only 16 hits while striking out 50 in 40 innings—Guidry was invited to spring training in 1977, in the hope that he would develop into a reliable backup for relief ace Sparky Lyle. In six exhibition appearances, Guidry had a horrendous 10.24 ERA, which occasioned the second close call. Steinbrenner, Martin and Gabe Paul, then the Yankee general manager, were making plans for the upcoming season. Steinbrenner strongly suggested they trade Guidry. Martin said nothing. "Over my dead body," said Paul. "You're about to make a very big mistake." Then he got specific.

"O.K., George," Paul said. "If you want to trade Guidry, I'll agree to it under one condition: that you issue a press release saying that I, Gabe Paul, unalterably oppose

the trade and that you, George Steinbrenner, insist on it, and that when—not if, but when—Ron Guidry becomes an outstanding major league pitcher for another team, you take the blame." The poem was made, and the subject of a trade was dropped.

Guidry was lucky that there was a man like Paul around to protect him, because he hadn't done much to protect himself. During spring training his faith in himself was so strong it was blind. Today he admits he could have done better if he had wanted to.

"It seems to me the reason you have spring training is to get in shape," he says. "The way I get in shape is by just throwing fastballs, fastballs, fastballs, right down the middle. Let them hit it, I don't care. I'm the guy who knows my arm better than anyone else, and I'm not going to change my style to suit coaches. In spring training nothing counts. In 1976 I had a good spring training, but I still ended up in the minors that season. I figured, 'What are they going to do if I have a bad spring training—send me to the minors?' " At that point Guidry had the attitude of a convict about to break a prison regulation who says, "What are they going to do, put me in jail?"

A month after spring training, Guidry got his break and pitched his 8½ shutout innings in the second major league game he had ever started. He went on to finish the 1977 season with a 16-7 record and then won a playoff and a World Series game. "They told me a lot about the kid, but they never told me he always has lousy springs," Martin was to say.

"When you see a fellow perform the way Guidry did in Syracuse, see the native talent, the strength of his arm, his ability to get out of a jam, his attitude, you have to pay attention to a pitcher like that," says Gabe Paul, who is now the president of the Cleveland Indians. "The kid was always outstanding. In my dealings with other clubs, his name always came up. If George had offered him up for a trade, they'd have stood in line for him."

Today the lines would be around the block and out of sight, but the Yankees wouldn't part with Guidry for a million dollars. Last year he won 25 games and lost but three—the Yankees scored one run or less in each of his losses—and had the best winning percentage (.893) of any 20-game winner in history. He had an ERA of 1.74, the lowest in the majors for a left-hander since Sandy Koufax was in his prime and the lowest for an American League lefty since 1914. He had nine shutouts, the most by an American League left-hander since 1916, when Babe Ruth had nine. And he pitched 16 complete games, 11 of them five-hitters or better. Since the 1977 All-Star break, Guidry

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RON GUIDRY

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has won 39 games, including a World Series and a playoff victory in each of the last two years, and lost five. No pitcher has ever had a more successful season and a half.

One of the remarkable things about Guidry—and possibly the main reason the Yankees were so late in recognizing his talents—is that he doesn't appear overpowering, that he doesn't look at all like the 95-mph pitcher he is. At 5'11" and 160 pounds, Guidry is lean. But he is not, as he is so often described, skinny. It's just that his muscles are very long. He is sinewy.

No one, not even Guidry, seems to know for sure where all that speed comes from, although his pitching motion probably has a lot to do with it. It is economical and takes complete advantage of his physique. He gets an unusually strong drive off his left leg when he throws and, before whipping his left arm around, fiercely propels his right shoulder toward the plate. In the last instant before he releases the ball, Guidry jerks that shoulder down, which snaps his upper body toward the plate and, in essence, turns his left arm into a catapult.

He also works rapidly. Between pitches he wastes no time psyching himself or attempting to psych out the batter. This creates an impression of total self-assurance; the batter gets the feeling that Guidry knows exactly what pitch he wants to throw and that it will go exactly where he wants it to. After each pitch he stands bowlegged, calm and still—except for the munching motion of his jaw as he chews a wad of tobacco—until the catcher returns the ball. If it was a good pitch, there will be no sign of emotion; if the pitch was bad, he might mutter, "Pas bon."

Although they certainly savored each of Guidry's wins last season and celebrated his shutouts, New York's passionate fans seemed to revel most in his strikeouts. For all the Yankees' brilliant pitching over the years, they have not had an abundance of strikeout artists. Until Guidry came along—he set the club season strikeout record with 248 in '78—New York had not had a strikeout ace among its starters since Bob Turley in the late '50s. New Yorkers grew to anticipate each of Guidry's whiffs, cheering loudly whenever he got two strikes on a batter. And when Guidry delivered a third strike, as he so often did, Yankee Stadium would shake with a fulminating roar of delight. This vociferous appreciation of his 139 strikeouts at Yankee Stadium remains a particularly memorable part of last season for Guidry. "It was nice to have that closeness with the fans," he says. "I liked it when they started screaming, because it affected the batters. They would swing at a lot of pitches that were too high or too low. I got away with a lot because the fans were behind me so much."

But the roaring throng was hardly Guidry's only weapon; after all, he did strike out 109 on the road. Much more important to his success is the fact that he is a natural:

● When he was eight, little Ronnie Guidry, whose mother didn't like him leaving the block, "decided it was time I played with other kids instead of by myself." So he told her he was going to grandma's house, but instead walked three blocks to a park, where some boys were playing baseball.

The ball rolled his way, and he picked it up and threw it back. A man saw the incipient Guidry fastball—"He came running so fast I thought I had done something wrong," Guidry says—and signed Ronnie up for Little League. A star was born.

● In high school Guidry ran a 9.8 100, a 49-flat 440 and triple-jumped 45 feet. Playing Teener League touch football while in secondary school, he quarterbacked his team to two undefeated seasons. In his final game, for the city championship, Guidry passed and ran for every one of his team's seven touchdowns.

● Guidry is an avid user of the Nautilus machine in the gymnasium adjacent to the Yankee locker room. "I probably work out more than anybody else," he says. "I do a lot of arm curls, usually with about 75 to 100 pounds. Once Catfish Hunter and Don Gullett came in after me to work out, and the bar was set at about 75 pounds for curls. Catfish couldn't budge it. 'Goddam!' he said. 'Who's been working out on this?'"

● On a team with some fast runners, notably Mickey Rivers and Willie Randolph, Guidry is the fastest, a talent that is rarely put on display, since American League pitchers don't bat and, thus, never reach base. "I'm strongest in my legs," Guidry says. "A few times I pinch-ran, but as the season progressed they wouldn't let me do it anymore. I'd love to steal, but they never let me."

● "It's nice when someone tells me I'm a good pitcher," Guidry says, "but in some ways I value the compliment more when someone tells me that I'm a good fielder." Which people do, often. In fact, many players consider Guidry the best fielding pitcher in baseball. "I've always been quick," he says. In his eight pro seasons, he has been hit by a batted ball only once, on the knee, and that blow wasn't a serious one.

● Guidry's friends, particularly those who play Ping-Pong with him, talk about his quickness more than anything else. And if frogs could talk, they would attest to it, too. There is a technique to frog hunting, a popular boyhood pastime for which Guidry has shown a considerable talent: you sneak up on a frog in your pirouette, shine a light in its eyes and grab it before it has time to spring away. A good frog doesn't need much time. If Guidry is the hunter, the frog hasn't got a prayer, or so say Guidry's frog-hunting buddies.

● Back home in Louisiana after the World Series, after the parades and celebrations and welcomes, after the American League Most Valuable Player award was announced—Boston slugger Jim Rice edged Guidry, a case of an apple winning over an orange—Guidry finally found time to do some of his favorite things. One of them is playing touch football in the park on Sunday afternoons. One day the game was played in a torrent that flooded the field with three inches of water in three hours. The rain might have daunted the other players' spirits had it not been for the fact that they were playing with a World Series hero who wasn't about to let circumstances as inconsequential as a downpour and ankle-deep mud ruin his game.

Guidry's team won 60-0. The score was actually 30-30, but when it had reached 30-0, Guidry switched sides and quarterbacked the other team to five touchdowns. As night

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RON GUIDRY

continued



During a recent racy game of touch football, Guidry's "wreck" was 60-0.

be expected. Guidry not only can throw the bomb, but he has touch on his passes, too. He threw one perfect spiral after another, only half of which were dropped. When he wasn't throwing, he was running, quickly and all but untouchably. In the midst of one of his darting, graceful jaunts, one of the defenders, realizing there was slim chance he could nab Guidry, stopped on the field and muttered, "He's so good I'd rather just watch him run anyhow."

After the game Guidry approached those players he didn't already know to introduce himself formally and to thank them for the game. A few of them were local high school football players, and they couldn't believe what had happened to them that afternoon: not only did they get to see Guidry and to play football with him, but he also went out of his way to shake their hands.

"I think I'll switch from baseball to football," said Guidry, tugging at the waistband of his sodden sweat pants. "I could be a good defensive back."

It was pointed out to him that in pro football one has to actually knock the other players over, and some of them are pretty big and don't particularly like being knocked over. "I could do it," he said with the same small grin that cross-

es his face when he says he doesn't use a duck call for duck hunting because he wants to give the ducks a chance and when he says he doesn't need a good pickoff move because nobody ever gets on base when he pitches anyhow.

Guidry can get away with that sort of statement despite the fact that his manner suggests he pretty much believes what he says. Listeners don't get the feeling he's conceited. It's all in the delivery, Guidry's specialty.

Of course, he has no need to hide his light under a bushel when it comes to his fastball. "Elston Howard and Yogi Berra said the last guy they saw who was my size and threw as hard as me was Lefty Gomez," Guidry says. He goes on to tell matter-of-factly about the time he split a wooden milk bottle at a carnival pitching booth and was asked not to return, and about the time he broke a batter's collarbone in two or three places when the batter missed a bunt, and about the time he was playing pitch-and-catch and a fistball slipped off the other guy's glove and broke two ribs.

"Ninety miles an hour is usually as fast as I like to throw," he says. "That's fast enough. You don't have to overpower hitters all the time. I could throw 93 or 94 miles an hour with good control for nine innings, but if a batter can hit a fastball at 90 miles an hour, he can hit one at 94 miles an hour. I'm not afraid to challenge any hitter, but I figure a good hitter is going to get to you once in a while anyhow."

Guidry's fastball has drawn the most notice, but he feels his shoe-top slider has made him a winner—and he hints that next year he might be adding a changeup to his repertoire, although he doesn't feel "trickery," as he calls it, is a very stylish way to pitch. "If I was struggling with the fastball, I could always get the slider over," he says. "What makes my slider so devastating is I throw it as hard as I can. Hitters see it coming at them at 90 miles an hour and think it's a fastball, and then it dives all of a sudden, just three or four feet in front of the plate. It's so effective because it doesn't break till so late. A lot of pitchers throw a hard slider, but it starts to break too early. Unless a hitter is waiting for my slider, he's not going to hit it."

"Sparky Lyle, who has the best slider I've ever seen, showed me how to throw it. He doesn't take any credit, he doesn't like it called the Sparky Lyle slider, but I know he's the guy who's helped me more than anyone else. And he knows it. Sparky was the guy who watched me more than anyone else. Every time I pitched, I'd look over and see him leaning on the bullpen fence. Even though he didn't pitch much last year, he was one of the happiest guys to see me win. Every game I won, he was the first to come over and shake my hand, embrace me."

"When they didn't use me for those 46 games back in '76, I pitched every day on the sidelines. I learned everything. I needed to know during that period. I asked the other guys for help. I had so much potential that they said, 'Here's a guy with a lot of talent, but there's a lot he just doesn't know.' I still have a lot to learn. I still need a lot of polishing. I still don't put myself in the same league as Palmer or Seaver or Hunter."

"It wasn't just Lyle who helped. Dick Tidrow taught me pitching sense, how to set a batter up," something in which Guidry is considered remarkably subtle, considering he has only two seasons in the majors. "The guys didn't have to

continued

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RON GUIDRY

continues

help me, but they did, out of friendship, generosity. I absorbed everything. I used their help. They can feel proud that they had something to do with my success now."

If Lyle got vicarious satisfaction watching his pupil throw the slider to such great effect, Guidry felt downright vindicated, because he pitched himself into a position where he could thumb his nose at Seembrenner for having so little faith in him. Guidry doesn't specifically refer to the moment that he heard Seembrenner was going around saying he lacked guts, but he was sorely upset about it at the time. And he hasn't forgotten it.

"I had never really had a good opportunity to prove myself, and I kept saying to myself, 'When you get the chance, put it to good use.' I was determined to show New York what they were missing by not using me. People can laugh at the Yankees now and say, 'Look, George, this is the guy you said couldn't pitch.' Three years ago they wouldn't put me in a game. Now they won't give me a rest. Three years ago they wouldn't ask me about my arm. Now they ask me, 'Ron, how's your arm?' and 'Ron, how's your family?' Three years ago they didn't care how my family was. Three years ago I didn't have the right to talk to George. Now that I'm the one who came along and saved the ball club, George doesn't talk to me. There's nothing he can say."

Guidry is rarely so outspoken; though these words came out calmly, they reflected more resentment than he allowed himself to show during the season. He apparently felt that

having spent the summer putting his arm where his mouth is, it was now time to get something off his chest that has been weighing heavily there for more than two years.

During the Yankees' two stormy championship seasons, Guidry was remarkably adept at avoiding—though hardly indifferent to—the personality conflicts that racked the team. To pull this off while being the center of attention at least every fourth or fifth day was no simple accomplishment, and it's an indication of Guidry's personality. He didn't stay clean by being diplomatic or polite, but by being quiet—and canaille.

"As long as you keep your mouth shut, nobody can say anything about you, because they don't know what you think," he says. "I'm not saying that's the way to handle it, but it is the way to stay out of it. I'm out there to pitch, and that's all I want to do."

During the worst of the Yankee battles, Guidry found a more creative way to express himself than by bickering. "You know what I used to do?" he asks, with a mischievous expression. "When Martin was still manager and I was in the dugout during a game, sometimes he'd get up to holler at an umpire or talk to somebody. He'd stand in front of the dugout, so that his feet were just about eye level. I'd spit tobacco juice on his socks—right on the back of his ankles, where he couldn't see. Everybody in the dugout would be laughing, and Martin's white socks would have a big wet brown stripe down the back." *continued*



The Guidrys gather outside their new cedar house that Ron, who took architecture courses while in college, designed

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RON GUIDRY

continued

After enough shots, they'd get soggy and begin to droop, and he'd reach down to pull them up and get tobacco juice on his fingers."

There are 15 pitchers on the Yankee roster; seven of them are paid more than Guidry, some a lot more. Tommy John, for example, who had a 17-10 record with the Dodgers last season, signed with the Yankees in November and will be paid \$1.375 million over three years. Technically, Guidry's salary in 1978 was \$38,000. In December of 1977, Guidry's lawyer and boyhood friend, John Schneider, negotiated a three-year contract—1979 through '81—for Guidry. The deal is worth \$562,000, of which \$90,000 was advanced in 1978. Thus, in essence, Guidry has a four-season \$600,000 contract.

If Guidry pitches anywhere near as well as he did last year, he will probably remain the biggest bargain in baseball for the next three years. Schneider would like to renegotiate Guidry's contract, but legally—and ethically—he hasn't got much of an argument. Schneider has approached the Yankees regarding a better contract for Guidry but Steinbrenner is a tough businessman. So far, Schneider's entreaties have been in vain.

Faced with such circumstances, another player might at-

tempt to make up the difference by hustling endorsements as hard and as fast as he can. Schneider and an assistant operate the newly formed Ron Guidry Enterprises, which was set up to take advantage of Guidry's new earning power. However, because of Guidry's reluctance to jump in with both feet, their efforts so far haven't gone much beyond distributing T-shirts, sending out autographed posters and baseballs, and answering fan mail. Certainly a player in Guidry's position could earn big bucks from off-field endeavors, but he seems above the shill game. Schneider claims—the integrity of it all making him somewhat incredulous—that in the first month after the World Series Guidry turned down more than \$100,000 in endorsements: a soft drink, because Guidry only drinks another brand of pop and a lot of strong Louisiana coffee; chewing tobacco, because although Guidry chews—there is a small brass spittoon discreetly tucked next to his living-room sofa—he doesn't believe he should encourage kids to do so. Two deals have been worked on. One, the endorsement of a line of guns and ammunition, which Guidry uses and likes—he pretty much restricts his hunting to ducks and rabbits—is still being negotiated. The other, a proposal to market a Cajun hot sauce that might be named Louisiana Lightning, which is what Guidry's fast-

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bull is often called, could also pan out. "He could be a natural for that, the way he cuts," Bonnie said the other day. "The last time we went out to dinner he had a bowl of crawfish bisque, a fried catfish dinner, a fried crawfish dinner and crawfish étouffée," which is a thick stew-like dish highly seasoned with cayenne pepper.

Guidry is no more awed by his newfound wealth than he is by his newfound fame or the newfound pressure of pitching a World Series game in Yankee Stadium when his team is down two games to none. He used his 1978 advance to build a new house, which he designed himself, having taken architecture courses at Southwestern Louisiana in Lafayette, his hometown, for two years before the Yankees drafted him. The cedar house is situated at the end of a dead-end street at the edge of what looks like a jungle, in a neighborhood a few miles outside Lafayette. He hasn't forgotten that just five years ago he and Bonnie were sleeping on the floor and dressing in dark corners of an apartment without drapes or furniture. At the time, it was all they could afford two-thirds of. The other third of the rent was paid by a minor league teammate, whom they needed as a roommate to help foot the bills.

"Ron has a great amount of inner strength," says a family friend, "and it comes from Bonnie. The two of them operate as a whole. She's an extrovert and he's an introvert, and they complement each other."

Indoors, maybe. As outdoor partners, they might need some work. "I laugh when I read stories about Ron that say he's patient," says Bonnie. "I don't think he has any patience at all. I once wanted to go hunting with him—it was a few years ago, right after we were married. He didn't really want me to go along, but he took me. I think he wanted to show me how rough it was. It was a warm day, but he made me wear this wool cap for camouflage. My hair was all the way down my back then, and I had to tuck it up under the hat. He made me wear a sweater and an old pair of his camouflage fatigues—he was in the National Guard then—and two pairs of boots. We were hunting rabbits, or something like that. It was so boring. I was so hot, and I could barely walk because I had so many clothes on. Then I got stuck in the mud in this swamp. I couldn't move my feet. Ronnie didn't want to pull me out. I think he was glad I got stuck so he could say, 'I told you this hunting was rough.'"

Bonnie's experience aside, when Guidry is hunting—and he does so at every opportunity—his patience really does show. He can sit for hours in a duck blind, still, waiting if anyone is in the blind with him, they had better be as patient as Guidry. And hunting isn't something he does simply as an escape. When he is waiting for game, he isn't daydreaming, he is intent on the endeavor. He has hunted ever since he was a boy, having learned many of his outdoor skills, including trapping, from his grandfather Gus. He is an excellent shot, as one might expect, his shooting eye and timing sharpened by pitching—or maybe it's the other way around.

He goes after small game occasionally, but he much prefers duck hunting because of the challenge of shooting at a target that can fly almost as fast as his fastball and can dip

like his slider. He once went deer hunting with Hunter, but has no real desire to do so again. "Catfish and I were separated, and I was just waiting for a deer by this tree," Guidry recalls. "I didn't really know whether I could kill one or not. Well, I turned around, and there was this deer, almost staring me in the face. We startled each other; I hadn't heard him, and he hadn't caught my scent. For a moment neither one of us knew what to do, I couldn't shoot him. So I just looked at him and said 'Boo!' and he ran away. I never did tell Catfish about it."

In the neighborhood where Guidry lives, which is not unlike the neighborhood where he grew up, it wouldn't be startling to see a boy strolling down the street barefoot, a pole slung over his shoulder with a catfish dangling from it. The boy might have been Guidry a few years ago.

"The first place Bonnie and I ever lived was this apartment behind my parents' house," he said recently. "I had helped my dad build the house a few years earlier, and I had gotten the idea then that it would be a good place for me to live—the area was away from things, and I could go hunting in the woods behind the house. So my dad and I simply built an apartment in the back for me. I lived there before Bonnie and I were married, when I was playing minor league ball. It was really nice. When I went to bed at night, all I could hear were the crickets, and I could walk out the door and go hunting whenever I felt like it, even if it was only for an hour or two."

"I used to go hunting just about every afternoon in the fall—mostly for rabbits, small game like that. One afternoon I saw this big red-tailed hawk, and I thought it was just about the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. But about all I saw was his tail, because he saw me before I saw him, and by the time I caught a glimpse of him, he was flying away. I could see that tail for a mile."

"He didn't fly all the way away, though. He circled a couple times, watching me, keeping his distance. I don't think he saw many people out in that woods and was curious."

"The next afternoon I was hunting again, and there he was. He saw me before I saw him, and flew away, keeping his distance. That fall almost every day that I went hunting I saw him, but he never let me get very close. It went on like this for a long time—about three years—and every time I'd see him I'd sort of say hello."

"Finally, I guess he began to trust me. He'd come out of the air and perch up on a big limb of a cypress tree or something. He would even let me shoot my shotgun without flying away, which was really a sign of trust, because hawks are smart enough to know that shooting means killing, sometimes even them."

"Then one day I saw him on a limb and he let me get real close. That was the last time I saw him for a long time. The next thing I knew there were two little hawks. I think what I thought was a he was really a she, and the afternoon she let me get close to her she was saying goodbye."

The Guidrys were married in 1972, when Bonnie was 18. Two years earlier, a friend had suggested that Guidry ask Bonnie to a sports banquet, but when Ron called

continued

didn't really get to talk to her. He didn't get much farther than "Hi, this is Ronnie Guidry," when she said, "What?" There was a communication problem; Guidry's Cajun pronunciation of certain words made it difficult for Bonnie to understand him over the telephone. After the friend took the phone to act as a translator, the date was made, and the courtship continued, interrupted by two minor league baseball seasons, until they were married. They now have a 2-year-old daughter, Jamie.

"After Ron and Bonnie got home in October, it took a while for Ron to summer down," says a family friend. "Bonnie was unfazed by any of it, but Ron needed time. After a week or two, you could see him begin to relax. You could almost hear him sighing in relief each day. 'I'm finally home.'"

Guidry's immediate family includes his parents and parents-in-law, as well as Ron's grandmothers and his paternal grandfather Gus, a salty, spirited, sometimes French-speaking Cajun who often hunts with his famous grandson. Gumbo dinners with the family and old friends are common. Sometimes Bonnie cooks fresh duck gumbo, and the delicacy is excuse enough for a family gathering. Another recent get-together was Jamie's second birthday party, which was held the evening of the underwater football game. The rain continued into the night, and the storm knocked the electricity out for a couple of hours. The party continued, with Jamie thinking the power failure had been for her benefit and with Ron stumbling around in the jungle at his back door, wielding a flashlight and umbrella as he gathered wood for the big fireplace. Inside, the candlelight and familial warmth made the big cedar house with its twin cathedral ceilings glow.

Ron's family is not particularly large, although Guidry is a very common name in Lafayette, a town of 80,000; there are about 500 Guidrys in the phone book. Ron frequently receives fan mail from other Guidrys in the area who think they may be related to him. He replies politely, using a response that has become all but a form letter: "Dear so-and-so: I don't believe we are related, but we Cajuns are close knit, and who knows. . . ." Ron's father was one of five siblings, his paternal grandfather one of 11. Even Bonnie's grandfather was a Guidry, so, indeed, who knows?

But Ron's father, a conductor on the Lafayette-Houma Amtrak line who speaks with the soft and lyrical Cajun accent, says, "Of all those Guidrys in the phone book, only two are relatives. They say three brothers from France settled in Lafayette 200 years ago and they had a lot of kids. Mama gets calls every day from Guidrys who think they're cousins. There's this one old guy who called early in the season and told her he was a fourth cousin. After Ron won 13 straight, he called and told her he was a third cousin. After Ron struck out 18 against the Angels, he called and told her he was a second cousin. After the Yankees won the World Series, he's a first cousin now."

Guidry jokes about the many people who now claim to be related to him, and he accepts this sort of thing good-naturedly, as befits his Cajun good manners. But, inside, he has a measure of disdain for the people he hardly knew last

year who now approach him as long-lost buddies. He's wary of people he doesn't know well, and he can become uptight when there are too many of them around. He is as quick and as sharp with his eyes as he is with his left arm, and like the grounders and line drives that come his way on the mound, little occurs around him that he doesn't catch, although he doesn't comment on most of it. He tolerates the attention, but he isn't fooled by it.

Guidry is uncompromisingly protective of his unlisted phone number, so scores of invitations to go duck hunting, mostly from Louisiana folk, prominent and otherwise, pile up in Schneider's office. There are messages from Lafayette bankers, who could help him financially someday. There are invitations from petroleum companies—Lafayette is an oil town—which offer to pay Guidry to hunt with their executives. There are calls from politicians, each of whom would love nothing more than to be pictured in Louisiana newspapers with his hunting jacket on and with an arm around Guidry's shoulder. He has turned them all down. "It's not that he dislikes being with all those bankers and stuff," says Schneider. "It's just that he doesn't feel comfortable with them." It's a nice distinction.

When Guidry goes duck hunting, which he does as often as three times a week during the duck seasons, he usually goes with boyhood friends, former Little League teammates, people who liked him before he was a star. He also has friends who own a duck-hunting camp near the Gulf of Mexico, about a two-hour drive from Lafayette, and he sometimes goes with them, leaving Lafayette in his motor home late in the afternoon, sleeping in a room with as many as 10 men at the camp, rising at four in the morning to hunt and usually getting back home early the next day. Not all of the men know each other, but there is a remarkable rapport among them, especially considering that they range in age from their teens to their 50s.

After dinner at the camp, which always includes stuffed roasted wild duck prepared in the spicy Cajun style, Guidry likes to play a little cards—he just smiles when he is asked if he knows how to play *bourré*, a Cajun game—and drink a little beer. He listens to the other men's stories, giving his most rapt attention to the colorful and often hilarious alligator-hunting yarns, and tells his own tales about baseball in the big time, such as the one about spitting the tobacco juice on Martin's socks. To sit around a fireplace and swap stories with Guidry is what all those bankers and oil executives and politicians are dying to do, but they probably don't have many tales Guidry would care to hear, and he prefers to save his stories for people with whom he feels comfortable.

After the 1977 World Series, in which Guidry won the fourth game with a four-hitter, there was the usual noisy locker-room celebration. Even Martin, Steinbrenner and Reggie Jackson were embracing each other. But possibly the most telling scene in the locker room was a tiny, easily overlooked one. There was Guidry, perched on top of a locker, his long legs dangling down, making him look like a little kid in a big chair, quietly watching the crazy emotional scene beneath him. He had a calm, canaïté smile on his face.

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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 6-14

PRO BASKETBALL—The week featured an unusual number of outstanding individual performances. San Antonio's George Gervin, the NBA's top scorer with a 29.5-point average, posted in 32 points in a 140-111 defeat of San Diego which got a 38-point effort from Rick Weathermon. Two nights later the Clippers' Lloyd Frazier hit for 46 in a 124-119 win to Atlanta, while John Drew had 36 points for the Hawks. Then, after dropping a 117-93 decision to Indiana, Atlanta also beat Chicago 106-93 and Milwaukee 117-113 in a double overtime game in which Drew poured in 35 points, and Rick Marjones Johnson 31. Jarvier, Johnson scored 30 in a 116-104 victory over Houston, which then ran off three straight wins. Rudy Tomjanovich averaged 28.7 points during the week, and Moses Malone, who had 27 points and 15 rebounds in a 107-99 defeat of Cleveland, averaged 28. Led by George McGinnis, who scored 41 points, Detroit avenged a 31-point effort from Bob McAdoo to beat New York 128-119. The Nuggets, who visit Kansas City in the Midwest Division by three games, defeated Atlanta Division leader Washington 121-90. Bernard King, 41 points led New Jersey to a 117-113 win over Phoenix, which lost all three of its games and fell from first to third in the Pacific Division. First-seed Seattle defeated the Suns 108-96 and Indiana 118-97 to take a half-game lead over Los Angeles, which is third in a now—all of them on the road—run of its last three. Boston staged a five-game losing streak with a 128-125 defeat of Portland, which has lost six of its last seven outings. Maurice Lucas had 46 points for the Blazers, who also dropped a 113-104 decision to the Pacers. It was Indiana's first win victory over a Pacific Division club. Bob Lanier scored 36 points and Kevin Porter, who is averaging a league-high 11.8 points, had 19 assists in the first-seeded Golden State 114-109 for its second consecutive victory after losing in a row. Crystal Davidson led San Antonio, which has won 13 of its last 17 games, with three straight.

BOKING—Wilfredo Benitez of Puerto Rico defeated champion Carlos Palomares of Mexico to win the WBC welterweight title in San Juan (page 10).

EUSEBIO PEDROGA of Panama retained his WBA lightweight title with a 13-round knockout of Rivaldo Katsukawa in Tokyo.

BOWLING—EMMETT SHUTES defeated Paul Mount 238-217 to win the \$125,000 Showboat tournament in Las Vegas.

GOLF—JOHN MARANATH shot a final-round three-under-par 69 for a five-round total of 243 to win the \$313,000

500 Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs. Cal'd by a stroke over Lee Trevino (page 10).

HOCKEY—NHL. In its best back-to-back performance of the season, Pittsburgh knocked off two powerhouses, Peter Lee's two goals led the Penguins to a 3-2 win over Norris Division leader Montreal, and Greg Malone had a pair of goals and an assist in a 5-1 defeat of Adams Division leader Boston. The Penguins' 3-0 week enabled them to regain a share of second place in the Norris with Los Angeles, which lost there in a now before being Detroit 3-0 in a game that featured a four-goal performance by former Red Wing Marcel Dionne. Detroit lost two and lost two, and has lost 11 games without a win. Toronto, which fell into third place in the Adams Division, opened Colorado 4-2 for its first triumph in seven games, and Minnesota created a two-game winning streak with a 4-3 defeat of Seaplane Division leader Chicago. The Islanders, who were 2-0-1 and lead the Patrick Division by 12 points, routed the Kings 7-1 to remain unbeaten on home ice this season. 17-1-1. Lorne Henning scored twice while Bruce Brierley and Mike Bossy had a goal apiece (page 20).

WHA: Quebec, which began the week and for first place with New England, moved two points ahead of the Whalers. After dropping a 3-2 decision to Winnipeg, which was 4-0 and moved from fifth to third, the Nordiques beat Cincinnati 4-3 and 2-1. The second game was marred by 34 minutes of penalties, 20 of which were assessed before the opening faceoff as the result of two fights. New England led the Stars 3-0 and then dropped a 3-0 decision to Edmonton as 27-year-old Wayne Gretzky got his second hat trick of the season. Dave Dryden set the streak, the first of the year against the Whalers.

HORSE RACING—SHOPI'S CHOICE off 40, Donald MacNeil up, won the \$14,000 Tropical Palm Derby at Calder by half a length over Lat O' Gold. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:40.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRILL WALTRIP, averaging 167.820 mph in a Chevrolet, won the \$100,000 Winston Western 500 in Riverside, Calif. by 2.21 seconds over David Pearson's Mercury.

SQUASH RACQUETS—Sharif Khan defeated Gordon Anderson 15-7, 15-10, 15-5 to win the \$25,000 North American Open in New York City. Khan had won the title 10 of the last 11 years.

TENNIS—JOHN MCENROE beat Arthur Ashe 6-7, 6-1, 7-5 to win the \$400,000 Masters Grand

Prix tournament in New York (page 10).

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Chris Evert 7-5, 7-6 to win the \$125,000 Avon Championship of California in Oakland.

TRACK & FIELD—BENALDO NIEMENHAI of Mayland broke the world indoor record for the 50-yard high hurdles in the National Invitational Meet in College Park, Md. His time of 17.2 was 65 of a second faster than the record he set last year (page 40).

MILFORDS—Hired As the San Francisco 49ers' fifth coach in the last 22 months, BILL WALSH, 47, who had a two-year record of 17-7 at Stanford. Walsh is playing Ford O'Connor, who along with General Manager Joe Thomas, was fired by President Eddie I. DeBartolo Jr. The 49ers were 1-6 under O'Connor and 7-23 under Thomas. Two-year interim: BOB EGGWORTH, 50, Walsh's top assistant, will succeed him at Stanford.

By Ohio State to replace fired baseball Coach Woody Hayes, EARLE BRUCE, 47, who had a six-year record of 36-32 at Iowa State and 8-3 regular-season record the past three seasons.

NAMED Winner of the AAUW's Bookend Cup as the nation's outstanding female college athlete for the 1977-78 season: ANA HILLYER, 23, a forward at American University played at UCLA. The 5'9" forward averaged 17.4 points a game during her career and led the Bruins to the national title last year.

TRADED By the New Orleans Jaxx, Forward LEN TRACY (1980-1981), 27, to the Phoenix Sun for Guard BOB LEE, 26, Forward MARTY BYRNES, 21, the Sun's first-round draft choice in 1979 and 80 and a reported \$100,000. Robinson is the NBA's 10th winner in 24 years per game and has 2 rebounds' work is a 13.3 average. Lee and Byrnes have scored 9.9 and 8.8 points a game, respectively, as substitutes.

DIED OTHOL (Abe) MARLEN, 70, former TCU football coach (1953-66) and a three-time (1956-70), at an apparent heart attack, in Fort Worth. Marlen had a 14-64-7 record and directed the Horned Pups to three Southwest Conference titles and five bowl games.

CREDITS

4—Evelyn Frost Black Star 12, 13—Ben Clarke 14, 15—Hank Kluksman 16—Tom 17, 18—Lena Stewart 19—George Tadmara 20—Yvonne Martin 21—Mike Martin 22, 23—Shelly Kest-Black Star 24—Jenny Davis 25, 26—Shelly Kest-Black Star

FACES IN THE CROWD

HAREN STEVENSON
WINDMILL DL

Steven, a strait in North Carolina who has been named a Rhodes scholar, holds nine school track records. In winter, most notably the 60-yard hurdles (8.3), 110-yard hurdles (15.1), 400 meters (15.8) and 600 meters (1:25.6).



TOM GARNER
POMONA BEACH FLA.

Garnier, 17, whose applications to play in the Orange Bowl Junior Golf tournament had been turned down in each of the past four years because he was not considered good enough, won the title by three strokes over Billy Tutin Jr.



BOB NELSON
FORD LA GRANGE ILL.

Nelson, 71, a self-proclaimed vagabond who has held 53 jobs in 50 years, outwitted Buster Cusker to win the 39-75 freestyle in 24.84 at the Golden Age Olympics in Stanford, Fla. He also won the 100 and 200 freestyle.

RENEE TAYLOR
NEWPORT BEACH CALIF.

Reenie, 21, and brothers Bill, 19, and Tom, 17, have distinguished themselves as members of championship aquatic teams. Renee, a senior at Acadia University in Nova Scotia, is captain of the women's swim team that won the Canadian college title for the second straight year. She won the 200 individual medley in 2:46.9 at the Atlantic Conference meet. Bill, a sophomore



TOM TAYLOR
NEWPORT BEACH CALIF.

pre-emergent diver at Stanford, scored 15 goals for the Cardinals' NCAA championship water-polo squad. Tom, a senior at Newport Harbor High and a high school All-America water-polo player, led the Seals, who were 27-0 this fall, to the Southern Section California Interscholastic Championship. He is also a member of the national junior team.

NO. 1

Sir,

Your article on Alabama's victory in the Sugar Bowl (*The Rising of the Tide*, Jan. 8) was great, and the cover picture was one of the best ever taken. But the final UPI ratings—USC No. 1, Alabama No. 2—have chosen Alabama out of a second national title. Last year in the Sugar Bowl, No. 3 Alabama defeated No. 9 Ohio State, while No. 2 Oklahoma lost to No. 6 Arkansas in the Orange Bowl and No. 5 Notre Dame beat No. 1 Texas in the Cotton Bowl. Notre Dame was given the national title.

This year No. 2 Alabama soundly whips No. 1 Penn State, while No. 3 USC beats No. 5 Michigan on a terrible call by an official, and USC ends up with the national title. It's just not fair.

ROBBY LAMB
Commerce, Ga.

Sir,

Your Sept. 18 article on the shortcomings of the college football polls (*To the Pod's, Weakly!*) has just been made more valid. UPI's No. 3 team beats the No. 5 team and moves up to No. 1. Strange.

BILL PRIOR
Nashville

Sir,

Here is a question for the esteemed UPI board of coaches. If USC was voted No. 1 because it beat Alabama earlier in the season, why was USC not ranked No. 2 before the bowl games, instead of Alabama?

DORIS S. SEALS
Shelbyville, Tenn.

Sir,

After reading your coverage of the Rose Bowl and Charles White's phantom touchdown, I could not help but recall the title of your Nov. 20 article on USC tailbacks, *It's Not Just a Run of Luck*.

USC tailbacks are faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive and able to leap tall buildings at a single bound. They are also able to score a touchdown without the football.

It is beyond me how USC can "defeat" Notre Dame and Michigan on two very controversial calls and still move from No. 5 to No. 1. Maybe it is a run of luck.

RICHARD T. MCKENNA
Oxnard, N.Y.

Sir,

Perhaps you should rename your magazine *SPORTS INSIGHT*. In your Rose Bowl preview (Dec. 25-Jan. 1) you have a sketch showing an official's arms extending out of a rose. Could that be line judge Gilbert Marchman

signaling the phantom touchdown by Charles White on New Year's Day?

MARK CORBIN
Fleet, Mich.

WOODY HAYES

Sir,

It seems to me that it was unworthy of you to give Woody Hayes the back of your hand (SCORECARD, Jan. 8). I would think you could show some sympathy for this fine and decent man who has had his great career end in this very sad way.

RALPH R. BAYER
Naples, Fla.

Sir,

Your SCORECARD item on Woody Hayes seemed rather one-sided. There was no mention of Woody's trips to Vietnam during that conflict, or of his visits to servicemen's families after he returned from those trips, visits he financed out of his own pocket. This is only one example of his humanity. Let's face it. Whoever rephases Wayne Woodrow Hayes as coach of Ohio State follows a legend, whether he likes it or not.

THOMAS E. HILL
Fremont, Ind.

Sir,

Hayes' violent antics were not only dangerous and irresponsible but also set a horrible example for players and young viewers. I congratulate Ohio State on firing Hayes. His outstanding record is overshadowed by his behavior in the Gator Bowl.

KENNETH TRAUBMAN
Evansville, Ill.

GOLF'S CHALLENGES

Sir,

A great article and a great call for Jack Nicklaus (*Still Glistening After All These Years*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1). The honor of Sportsman of the Year is well deserved. I first met Jack when we were both 15 years old. I represented New Jersey and Jack represented Ohio in the Jaycee National Junior Golf Championship at Columbus, Ga. Not only is Jack the best golfer of this era but also he is a total sportsman. Now that he has decided to challenge us in the golf-design field, it will be a lifelong contest. He still has a long way to go to catch up, but we welcome the challenge. The game as a whole will benefit.

ROBERT TRENT JONES JR.
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir,

I knew that your selection of Jack Nicklaus as Sportsman of the Year would arouse controversy. However, when Clinton Sundberg of Studio City, Calif. writes, "Golf is not a sport and golfers are not athletes"

(19TH HOLE, Jan. 8), I feel I must rebut.

I began to play organized baseball at age 10 and played for six years. I began to fish when I was eight and continued until I was 14. I started hunting small game and white-tailed deer when I was 12 and continue to hunt today at age 26. I played three years of junior high football and three years of high school football. I have played power volleyball since I was in 10th grade and probably hundreds of games of basketball, bowling, racquetball and tennis. And I have golfed regularly since I was 16. Of all those sports, I have no hesitation in saying that golf is far and away the most difficult, the most challenging and the most demanding.

The ultimate challenge in golf comes down to the fact that you play yourself, not an animal, not another team, not an opponent. While I suppose the same could be said about bowling, it is the variety of factors—the number of possible shots, weather conditions, differing courses, etc.—that make golf the more demanding sport. Every golfer has, at one time or another, drilled a 250-yard drive, or nailed a five-iron tight to the stick, or snapped a 70-yard wedge over a pine tree onto the green, or dropped a 30-foot sidewinder of a putt. The trick is in controlling the environment, your equipment, your body and your mind to do it consistently. In no other sport do all these factors come into play on such an individual basis.

GARY STRAWBRIDGE
Medville, Pa.

GRANDFATHER MOORE

Sir,

Kenny Moore's cautious, tender glimpse of his venerable grandfather (*The Good Fight—For 102 Years*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1) is the most delightful thing I have read in years.

KENT DAYENFORD, M.D.
Honolulu

Sir,

I know this man that Kenny Moore writes about. He is my grandfather, too, although my grandfather's name is different—Hans Julius Petersen—and, at 96, he's six years younger than Fred Moore. Nonetheless, he is that same active, crusty old man that Moore so admires. He is a personification of the human spirit and its refusal to become weak or stale. He is a perennial winner in the game of life; he has real staying power.

It really isn't necessary to tell anyone how much we love him, because when you read between the lines of Kenny's story, you can't help but know.

BARBARA ANN PETERSEN
Madison, Wis.

Sir

Kenny Moore has done it again. Every reader with his own memories of a very special grandfather is given a chance to share in a moving tribute to the kind of person who helped make our country great.

DOUG HORSER
Portland, Ore.

Sir

Maybe Kenny can't box, but he can run and he sure can write. Fantastic story!

TOM WHEELER
Rudy, Ark.

PHEDIPPIDES

So

I thoroughly enjoyed James F. Fox's article on the legend of Phedippides (On the Run in Search of a Greek Ghost, Dec. 25-Jan. 1). It might be well to remember that although the ancient Greeks revered their athletes, they were not above making them objects of humor upon occasion. This poem by the Greek poet Nicarchus, as translated by Edwin Arlington Robinson in his *Collected Poems*, is a good example.

A MIGHTY RUNNER*

The day when Charmus ran with five
In Arcady, as I'm alive,

He came in seventh—"Five and one
Makes seven, you say?" He isn't he
dove."

Well, if you think it needs a note,
A friend in a fur overcoat
Ran with him, crying all the while,
"You beat 'em, Charmus, by a mile!"
And so he came in seventh
Therefore, good Zonias, you see
The thing is plain as plain can be,
And with four more for company,
He would have been eleventh.

KARL BECKMEYER
Tavernier, Fla.

So

When I was Naval attaché to Iran in 1973-75 I helped found Iran Roadrunners, an international group of fun runners. We held a number of races, climaxed by the "Persian Marathon," which we first ran in March 1974. When I came across the finish line in first place, I received cheers from friends, onlookers and a couple of Iranian athletic officials. However, one of the officials took me aside and told me, "In the future, we will not call this a 'marathon.' It is a long-distance race or a 42-km. run. What became instantly clear was that 'marathon' is a dirty word in Iran, which, of course, was formerly Persian. Never do they like to be re-

continued



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CHARCOAL
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BY DROP

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19TH HOLE continued

minded of that disastrous defeat in 490 B.C. I should add, however, that the next year when we went ahead and called it a marathon anyway, the T-shirts we handed out with PERSIAN MARATHON emblazoned on them were highly sought after, even by the Iranian officials.

JOHN A. BUTTERFIELD
Commander, USN
Annapolis, Md.

ANDERSON, TOO

Sir:
There is a fourth basketball coach besides Gene Bartow, Jack Gardner and Frank McGuire who has taken two different universities to the NCAA final four (*Branching Out into the Big Time*, Dec. 4 and 19TH HOLE, Dec. 18). Forrest (Forddy) Anderson did it with Bradley in 1950 (finishing second to CCNY) and again in 1954 (finishing second to La Salle), then with Michigan State in 1957 (losing a triple-overtime to McGuire's eventual champion North Carolina Tar Heels in the semifinals, and finally finishing fourth).

He is also one of only two coaches to take his team to both the NCAA and the NIT finals in the same year. In 1950 his Bradley Braves were runners-up to Nat Holman's CCNY club in both tournaments.

DAN PETERSON
Coach
Billy Palleschano Team
Milan, Italy

LOUGHERY & CO.

Sir:
In my opinion, you've got the story all wrong concerning coaches like Kevin Loughery who show their emotions during games (*The Mouth That Roars*, Jan. 8). If one looks back in sports history, one finds many successful coaches who have let their feelings be known to officials. As far as I can see, it's the teams with the quiet "Everything will be all right" attitudes that are losers, no matter how much talent they have. Physical violence is wrong, but there is nothing wrong with giving one's vocal cords some exercise.

WARREN ROSENBERG
New York City

Sir:

As director of a CYO basketball program, I was pleased to see your article. Kevin Loughery is a disgraceful example to youth and a detriment to all those who are trying to instill in youth a proper perspective on sports.

One of the primary objectives of our program is to develop respect for officials. Loughery heads a growing list of coaches and players who, by their example, are making this objective very difficult to achieve.

The basic answer to the "problem" of officiating doesn't lie in berating or bawling officials. The answer lies in the simple understanding and acceptance of the fact that officials are human and make mistakes. These mistakes are just as much a part of a game as the much more numerous mistakes of play-

ers and coaches. A simple comparison of the number of a team's turnovers, missed assignments, poor coaching decisions, etc. with the number of poor calls by officials will clearly demonstrate that the effect of officials' mistakes on the won-lost column is very small.

TOM BUGGY
Hyde Park, N.Y.

BRAIN TEASER

Sir:

Your bridge quiz (*Only One Way to Get There*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1) was superb! Years ago you had many bridge articles. I hope the millions of bridge players will get more chances to test their brains in the future.

STEPHEN BROWN
Waynesville, N.C.

PRISON LIFE

Sir:

In regard to your article on Canadian sports mogul Harold Ballard (*A Tongue on the Loose*, Dec. 11), I was serving a sentence in Millhaven Institution's maximum security prison when Ballard arrived at Millhaven's minimum security camp, now called the Bath Institution, to begin serving his sentence.

The two prisons are completely separate from each other, and there is no contact between inmates. So when Ballard received that furlough to attend the signing of Darryl Sittler's contract and shot his big mouth off to the media about how good the food was at Millhaven and that it was "more like a motel than a penal institution," he was talking about the minimum security camp and not Millhaven Maximum, as everyone was quick to believe.

I have no doubt that Ballard was very popular among the inmates at Bath Institution, but any popularity he had with those of us in the main joint was quickly lost when it was splashed across the country that we were living a life of ease and had steak regularly.

To Ballard's credit, when he was later released on parole and interviewed by the media, he pointed out that he had been talking about the minimum camp.

HOWARD BROWN
New Westminster, British Columbia

Sir:

I would love to invite Harold Ballard to taste some of the meals we eat here in the Millhaven maximum security prison. And no inmate receives passes at Christmas time or at any other time.

We have read many articles about Ballard, and he keeps mentioning that he was in this prison. Possibly he wants his fans to think he is hard-core, but to us he is just a pussycat, like his football team.

JOHN DRUMMOND
Chairman Prisoner Committee
Millhaven Institution
Bath, Ontario

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